George Ball's Calling Card *Edward N. Luttwak*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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NEWSPAPER NEWS

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Jimmy Carter: Agrarian Rebel?

Robert Coles

Race War Diplomacy

Roger Morris

James MacGregor Burns on Campaign Biography
Robin Winks on New Mysteries
Ken Bode on The Rules Imbroglio
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TRB

from Washington
June 26, 1976

On Political Punditry

Predictions are fun but tricky in the pundit business—they are an occupational hazard that ought to be resisted but never are. It is a temptation to come right out now and say that Jimmy Carter will win by a landslide next November 2 (for better or worse). But shall I actually commit myself to that? Remember election eve four years ago!

The crowd looked at Spiro Agnew at his campaign headquarters and chanted jubilantly, "Twelve more years, twelve more years!" meaning that he would follow his beloved leader Richard Nixon with two terms of his own after 1976. And *Time* magazine in a special predated edition November 20, announced "And Now, Here's Spiro . . . for '76." Yes, the magazine predicted, "recent history favors his chances . . . the odds now are with Agnew if for no other reason than the fact that he is the favorite of the GOP conservatives who . . . control the Republican Party."

Conservatives still do control the Republican party and Spiro did win a victory in a sense: he is not in jail. And now we are in another election, making new forecasts which may be as fallible as their predecessors. The extraordinary thing to this observer is how casual we are about it: the most powerful country and the most powerful leader and so few participate.

Italian elections come this weekend (June 20-21) and 95 percent of the voters will vote—maybe more, because of the intense interest in the Communist drive to knock out the Christian Democrats and embarrass the Pope. Compare that with the US voting average in the wearisome 31 state primaries we have just been through. It is estimated that 25 million Americans voted and the customary quadrennial post-primary paens arise: "Those Messy Primaries Worked Well" (*Time*, June 21). Similar smug editorials appear over the country. We can relax; somehow or other our system (in spite of Nixon, in spite of Agnew, in spite of everything) pulls us through, God looks after America. This time in the lottery we will get a winner!

The latest Census compilation shows 150 million Americans 18 years or older eligible to vote, so that the 25 million who participated in the primaries are a small fraction—about one in six, or 16 percent. Most of us, at first anyway, had little idea who was running or why. In the beauty contest voters picked the captain of the Ship of State not on his knowledge of navigation but on his hearty manner. It has left us for the final stage with a choice between Jimmy Carter, the Great Who-is-he? and the Ford-Reagan Right Wing Twins. When the ultimate test comes next November it is estimated that 50 percent of the eligible voters will vote—75 million will be missing.

We don't have a Communist challenge to spur us like Italy, but other democracies have larger turnouts than we do, too; Great Britain's latest was 71 percent; Canada, 74; Ireland, 75; Netherlands, 83; France, 82; Australia (compulsory), 97. Are they better educated, or more civic minded? No, but the political game there has different rules: it's less boring; elections are shorter; registration easier; parties are stronger and parliament, not the electorate, picks the ultimate leader, who has been seasoned through years of service in the legislature.

If Jimmy Carter wins he will have an extraordinary degree of freedom to enact a program, and about 180 days to do it. He may restore the White House press conference (Mr. Ford has held only one formal conference here this year.) He will have a Democratic majority—perhaps a big one—Republicans are in chaos, and there will be the first united government in eight years. An old campaigner learns the phases of an election: we are in the "primaries ain't so bad after all" phase now, rapidly turning into "Who's the choice for vice president?" phase, succeeded by the convention whoop-la and, ultimately, the euphoric night when, thank God, it's all over. If Ford or Reagan win there will be more divided government; if Carter wins there will be a honeymoon with Congress when he can, if he knows what he wants, get most of it enacted. That is the test, the time to be bold and innovative. After that the media, after telling how wonderful, by golly, it all is, will traditionally start snapping and biting again, legitimately enough no doubt.

It will be easy to fault a Carter administration, we guess; how long can a fresh face be fresh, or a newcomer be "anti-Washington" who is part of Washington? Our guess, too, is that the big Carter Federal re-organization program will bog down if attempted; it strikes us as a gimmick; it's been tried before with little success. On the other hand, if Jimmy Carter actually has reform plans—a minimum income for the working and non-working poor (it's in the new Democratic platform) a national health insurance program, hand-gun registration and affairs like that—there could be a brief, favorable legislative interval such as comes to few Presidents.

We suspect Carter will be more liberal than is commonly supposed. There is a ring to that speech he gave as governor on Law Day, May 4, 1974 to the legal big shots at the University of Georgia Law School, now reprinted. It was a speech, quietly delivered, challenging "the powerful and the influential" to unfreeze the status quo. He told them to their faces that anybody who had lived in the South the last 15 or 20 years must feel "some degree of embarrassment" at the archaic county-unit system, that excluded poor white voters, at the "30 questions" put to blacks who demanded the right to vote and who were disqualified by the intricacy of the information demanded—"a subterfuge that we had evolved to keep black citizens from voting and which we used with a great deal of smirking pride," he told them smoothly with that toothy smile. The first speech he ever made in the Georgia Senate, Carter continued, was against this system. Yes, he told them, a black man who sold pencils at the outer door of the Sumter County Courthouse could make a better judgment "about who ought to be sheriff than two highly educated professors at Georgia Southwestern College."

Quite a speech. *Time* correspondent Stanley Cloud, who has followed Carter throughout, suspects that "conservatives may feel deceived when they discover Carter's basic liberalism that borders on populism." Maybe.

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Tax Muddle

Between now and the beginning of the Democratic convention (July 12) the Senate must come to terms with one of the most unwieldy bills to reach the floor in years—the tax reform act of 1976. It was reported out of the Finance Committee last week. This monster child of the reform movement in Congress, now 1500 pages long, has escaped the control of its creators. It began as a promise made by Rep. Al Ullman when he replaced Wilbur Mills as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee in 1975. Ullman said the committee's first task under his leadership would be to clean up the tax code. The bill he produced at the end of the year, though not the best, was more ambitious than anything that had been proposed in recent memory. It trimmed back allowances for special tax "shelters" in real estate, cattle raising, oil and gas drilling; it strengthened the rule on minimum taxes to be paid by wealthy tax avoiders; and it reduced the generous provisions for US companies in international business. But when Ullman's bill reached the Senate, it withered. Chairman Russell Long of the Senate Finance Committee argued, with good cause, that he couldn't send a reform bill to the floor without holding some hearings first. It was too late in the year for that. The tax activists complained, but gave in. Grudgingly they accepted Long's promise to take up their cause the first thing in 1976. Before leaving town for Christmas, they extended for six months the temporary tax cuts that were adopted at the nadir of the Nixon-Ford recession.

Now the six-month extension is over and a new deadline is at hand. The tax cuts passed at Christmas will soon expire, and congressmen once again are eager to leave town—this time for the conventions in New York and Kansas City and their own re-election campaigns. But before they go they will be asked to vote on tax cuts and tax reform as written by Russell Long and the Finance Committee. The temptation, of course, is to extend the cuts and forget the rest, as they did last Christmas. If that happens there probably will be no tax reform this year. That is the opinion of Carey Parker, Sen. Edward Kennedy's chief aide on tax and economic matters.

The bill in the Senate is the result of Sen. Long's promise to get something on the floor by July 1. But it isn't exactly what the reformers—Kennedy, Nelson, Hollings, Mondale, Humphrey—had in mind. Jim Byrne, director of the independent Tax Analysts and

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Advocates, said last week, "If by 'reform' you mean equitable, efficient, sensible tax law, this bill is a joke." He and other economists have helped the liberal senators draw up a list of amendments and criticisms of Long's bill, some of which are summarized here.

The Senate approach does close some loopholes, but at the same time opens so many new ones that its impact on the wealthy would be slight. Although Sen. Long met a requirement imposed on him by Congress that $2 billion in tax giveaways be ended, he did it in a way that angers the liberals. Half of his "reform" is to end the $35 tax credit given out last year to all taxpayers as a stimulus to the economy. Ending this tax cut is no reform, the liberals say. They would like to keep it indefinitely. The Chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, Edmund Muskie, and the ranking Republican, Henry Bellmon, were planning a bipartisan attack on Long's tax bill last week because they said it violates the congressional budget for 1977. They claimed that Long was specifically instructed by Congress to close $2 billion in loopholes this year, but *not* to meddle with the tax cut for individuals.

The Senate bill is loaded with special-interest tax breaks. According to Jim Byrne, about 40 such clauses have been tacked onto the bill, this being the first opportunity since 1972 to get them through Congress. The reformers object less to the fact that narrow interest clauses were included than to the *way* they were included. (The House Committee, as a result of Ullman's reforms, discusses each special clause in open hearings and discloses whom they would aid. The Senate does not; the special provisions seem simply to materialize.) Among them are special arrangements for the Iranian oil consortium, an international construction firm in Pittsburgh (H. H. Robertson Co.), the Investors Diversified Services of Minneapolis, the Chrysler Corporation and many, many others.

The treatment of wealthy taxpayers and large companies is more lenient in the Senate bill than in the House version. The minimum tax on income is gentler, and the maximum tax is extended so that a person's income—even from stocks and bonds—cannot be taxed at a rate of more than 50 percent (for the first $100,000 earned a year). A stock swap provision also helps only the wealthy. In general, Byrne claims, the bill ensures that more people will pay *some* tax, but that the burden on the well-to-do will be lightened.

The Senate bill does not attempt to apply cost-benefit tests to tax subsidies. For example, the reformers believe that tax shelters for cattle raising, oil and gas drilling, equipment leasing, movie making and several other activities are a waste of money and should be strictly limited. The benefit to the economy is slight, the cost large. The House bill contained a complex "Limitation on Artificial Losses" provision (LAL) to restrict tax write offs in all these businesses. But the Senate dropped it. The reformers would like to restore LAL, except for the shelter on real estate development, which they want to keep.

Finally, the income of multinational companies is more leniently taxed in the Senate bill than reformers would like. Sen. Kennedy has an amendment to reduce the use of the foreign tax credit, so that multinationals' foreign income would be taxed at the same rate (48 percent) as their domestic income.

Fudging Amnesty

"Candidly," said former Ohio Governor John Gilligan, "the question of covering desertion was so controversial that we walked away from it." Gilligan was chairman of the foreign policy task force of the Platform Committee of the Democratic National Convention, and he was explaining to its members why, barely a year after America declared the Indochina war lost and got out, the nation's majority party was handling the issue of amnesty squeamishly.

Gov. Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts told the television news people, "The deserter problem should be handled by the courts on a case by case basis." Neither pardon nor amnesty, this would be the most mean-spirited of alternatives, tying up the lives and resources of thousands in lengthy and cumbersome judicial proceedings. Dukakis was chairman of the drafting committee of the Platform Committee.

Asked whether he favored amnesty rather than pardons for draft resisters and deserters, Minnesota Gov. Wendell Anderson, who can't seem to make even coarse distinctions, said, "I must tell you I don't understand the difference between the two words." Anderson is chairman of the Platform Committee.

Well, we have one or two distinctions of our own to offer. The first is semantic—there is a difference between the two words, and only the morally obtuse haven't heard it. Pardons imply guilt, amnesty does not. Those who insist on the distinction argue that the war itself was inherently unjust and that no one should be judged guilty or punished for having refused by reasons of conscience to be a part of it. Our second distinction is practical. There are presently only about 4000 draft resisters from the Vietnam era still being sought for prosecution. By contrast, there are about 30,000 deserters still in hiding in America or living abroad. Another 750,000 Vietnam servicemen received less than honorable discharges for reasons that would not be considered crimes in civilian life—many of them for speaking or organizing against the war while in service. These men are denied veterans' benefits, and have been sentenced to lifelong job discrimination.

The question of amnesty or pardon and who gets which has overtones of economic class. Draft resisters generally came from middle class, well-educated backgrounds. They often availed themselves of draft counseling or other legal, psychological and medical

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assistance. Those from less advantaged circumstances normally went into service, got their indoctrination and counseling in Indochina and made their conscientious decision against the war because they fought in it. Jimmy Carter once summed up the distinction nicely: "Where I live, most of the young people who were drafted are poor or black. They didn't know where Canada was, they didn't know where Sweden was, they didn't have enough money to hide in college. They went to Vietnam."

The original language reported to the Platform Committee from its drafters contained only one clause on the subject; the Democratic party would support a pardon for those guilty of selective service violations because of their oppostion to the Vietnam war. Under the guidance of Sam Brown, once a leader of the anti-war movement and now treasurer of Colorado, the draft was extended to include pardons for all those 750,000 in legal or financial jeopardy, with deserters to be treated on a case by case basis. Presumably this means that those with less than honorable discharges will have the stigma lifted and those who deserted under any but combat conditions will be examined for pardon on an individual basis, but not by the courts.

"Vietnam" has been the unspoken word of this presidential campaign. We had little hope that the legions of Ronald Reagan or Gerald Ford would address compassionately the most painful domestic wound of our Indochina adventure. But now the Democratic platform steps forward forthrightly, then immediately backs off halfway. The present language is a compromise; it agrees to pardons for some but amnesty for none, and by now presumably even Gov. Anderson understands the distinction. To be sure, it is better than nothing, an improvement over Mr. Ford's ill-fated clemency program, and certainly a good deal more than we are likely to get at the hands of the Republican drafters later this summer. The political battle over Vietnam was largely fought inside the Democratic party: the party's people called its leaders to judgment and judged harshly. Yet this platform does not take the next logical step of lifting the onus of legal guilt from those Americans who made the most difficult of personal choices: to do what was right.

Bella vs. Pat . . . et al

The New York Democrats have always excelled at fratricide, not being content with the ordinary forms of intra-party combat. This year's senatorial primary contest, for the right to take on Bill Buckley's hardly less *derrière garde* brother, will not be different. The invective began even before the campaign, with an ill-conceived attempt by a few luminaries to bar the door to Pat Moynihan's candidacy by their claim that he has no right to call himself a Democrat. True, party regularity is not at the top of our political catechism, but it has also not unduly affected the behavior of all those who have been trying to establish a retrospective loyalty oath for someone they didn't much like. We suspect that that's what got Pat's Irish up and what persuaded him to risk his secure Harvard berth to make the race. That he'd be running against a voguishly leftish pack he probably sees as vague or muddle-headed must also have been an inducement. Most of them have already charged that he is no alternative to the incumbent. That simply is false. Jim Buckley is not likely to support income redistribution schemes like those that Moynihan has conceived. Moynihan was, for example, the main force behind a minimum income proposal at the Democratic platform committee.

So he is eager to prove that a tough perspective on the Russians and an acerbically skeptical one on the Third World and its moral pretensions are not inconsistent with progressivism. Anti-war activist and now Colorado state treasurer Sam Brown said, moreover, that Moynihan's foreign policy views at the platform deliberations were quite sensible.

The truth is, nevertheless, that we have been generally more comfortable with the politics or at least political associations of his opponents. And as it does with them, Moynihan's service under Nixon sticks in our craw. But it was not servitude, and in White House councils he raised an articulately programmatic voice on behalf of poor people, with a stamina in hostile surroundings that someone like Elliot Richardson could never muster. His troubles with blacks are much exaggerated, as the *Chicago Defender* pointed out recently, and inflamed by personal feuds and volatile styles (not excluding his own) rather than by real policy differences. No one, surely, is more knowledgeable about the economic basis of racial disadvantage than he. As for his term at the UN, we cannot see why the simpering hypocrisy that preceded and followed Moynihan should be thought preferable to his candor.

His adversaries are not without their own flaws. If he may be too hard on the Russians, some of them have historically been too soft. If a certain cynicism kept Moynihan around as Nixon's domestic adviser or as his emissary to India, what does one make of the past of the loser-last-time-around, Ramsey Clark, who in the revivalist mode also seems twice born—but as an all-purpose liberal crusader? He campaigned in Wisconsin in '68 for Johnson and Johnson's war in Southeast Asia, telling some youthful protesters to take their chants to Hanoi. No one signs more civil libertarian fund-raising appeals these days than this former attorney general, but none of those shill pitches inform the recipients that Clark was the architect and overseer of some surveillance and domestic intelligence plans that were preludes to John Mitchell's notorious enterprises. Paul O'Dwyer's case is special: No good cause in America and few abroad have suffered the lack of his support.

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But he's lost races for the US Senate twice before, which does not exactly make him seem a likely winner come November. At 69, he's gotten the state party's organizational nod largely due to Abe Beame who at 70 doesn't want O'Dwyer as a mayoral opponent at the next municipal elections. The reformer has finally been honored by his enemies. In the past, support of the leadership hasn't counted for much, but this may be the first time that the bosses have backed a man as good as O'Dwyer.

There's also Abe Hirschfeld who will spend freely out of his own fortune and has no discernible base, but fared better than the organization candidate in the 1974 primary.

That leaves Bella Abzug, like Moynihan, a genuine original. No one better than she reflects such success as the new politics has had. Gutsy and shrewd, she has earned the esteem and, in Congress, the cooperation of people who at first disdained her as a kook. She has both *panache* and legislative accomplishments. Independent in her views and far from predictable, Abzug has been an eloquent tribune for the rising constituencies of women and minority groups.

An Abzug-Moynihan race will be an occasion, rough in words and challenging in ideas. It would be unusually lively in New York this summer as the voters choose Bella or Pat, and then switch back and forth, courted by two most irascible and engaging personalities. One or two submerged issues that no one wants quite to focus on might just be released from the prison of facile rhetoric. Moynihan, for example, thinks the Vietnam debacle has caused a failure of American nerve and of will, a tragic tale not quite yet fully unfolded. Abzug, on the other hand, is fixed on the lessons to be learned from Vietnam, a fully realized tragedy but also a cautionary tale about future intervention and foreign involvement. In domestic affairs, we'd be likely to get a sharp and honest confrontation on affirmative action and quotas. The future hinges on matters such as these, and we'd like to hear them discussed.

Proposition 15

The California Nuclear Initiative (or Proposition 15), which would have curbed or stopped nuclear growth in the state, was defeated by a margin of two to one in the recent primary. Both sides used fear tactics. But, naturally, each played on different fears. The "No on 15 Committee," which spent about $3.5 million, concentrated on economic fears and predicted economic stagnation, loss of jobs, Arabian embargoes and energy shortages if nuclear power was ruled out. Californians for Nuclear Safeguards, which spent about $1 million, focused on the potential for catastrophic nuclear accidents, the effects of radioactivity and the weak underpinnings of nuclear technology. The final vote probably shows that voters are more nervous about economic collapse than nuclear disaster.

The pro-nuclear side was aided in its campaign by the timely passage of three bills by the California legislature asking the state's Energy Commission to determine the technical feasibility of radioactive waste reprocessing, of waste disposal and of siting nuclear reactors underground. If the necessary steps of waste technology cannot be spelled out, the legislature would have veto power on the siting of new nuclear plants. Proposition 15, on the other hand, was much stricter. It would have banned the construction of new nuclear plants until the legislature confirmed by a two-thirds vote that nuclear safety systems had been tested and that waste disposal methods had been demonstrated. According to the proposal, if these weren't proved within five years, the legislature would start phasing out existing plants. It would have required in addition that existing plants voluntarily accept full liability for the damages of a catastrophic nuclear accident. Another requirement was that evacuation plans for each plant be made widely available and subject to annual review. (There are only three operating nuclear plants in California: Humboldt, San Onofre and Rancho Seco. Four more are under construction. As many as 56 are projected by the year 2000.)

Winner and Wagner Associates, the governmental and political management firm running the No on 15 Committee, actively supported the three nuclear bills after "working very hard to get them into reasonable shape," Ethan Wagner said. "They were very badly drafted to begin with." Even Southern California Edison supported them. Some of the other utilities were persuaded at least to remain neutral. If the legislature were to exercise its veto on the siting of nuclear plants, however, the legality of the bills would certainly be challenged. The federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission is legally the sole agency with authority to regulate nuclear power.

The California Initiative fight is the first one in which the nuclear interests have taken their case to the public. Historically, it has been very difficult for nuclear utilities to admit they had problems of any kind. The few times that utility public relations men have debated the critics, they've been torn apart. In this case, however, nuclear interests pooled their resources, raised large sums of money all over the country and mounted a sophisticated campaign. Environmentalists can no longer consider them sitting ducks.

The federal government was present during the campaign, too—tilting for nuclear power. The Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) sent to California 80,000 copies of a special leaflet called "Shedding Light on Facts About Nuclear Energy" that featured an exhortation inside the front cover titled, "Let your voice be heard!"

It will be interesting to see how the federal government conducts itself during other state in-

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itiatives. Oregon and Colorado will have similar propositions on their ballots in the fall. The only difference is that the proposals in these states do not apply to existing plants. Oregon has only one nuclear plant, Trojan; and Colorado has one, Fort St. Vrain. Groups in other states are gathering signatures to qualify their nuclear initiatives.

The use of the initiative process by anti-nuclear groups is a new tactic. Joyce Koupal, director of the People's Lobby and co-founder of the Western Block which is coordinating the initiative campaign, said: "It's the difference between writing letters and bringing an environmental issue to the political battlefield. With the initiative process, they can't escape."

Many environmentalists are saying they actually won the California Initiative because they brought the issue to the attention of so many people. Mrs. Shirley Wilkerson, executive director of Project Survival, said her office has received lots of new inquiries since the vote. "More and more people are showing concern. The bills passed by the legislature were a big step. The largest state in the country is saying they're concerned about nuclear power. Isn't that a victory?"

Mark Swann

Mr. Swann is writing a book on nuclear power.

Biography As A Political Act

A paradox lies at the heart of every biography of a presidential aspirant. A book at midpoint in a politician's career will inevitably have its limitations; obviously, the longer the work can be delayed, the more nearly definitive it can be. But the more it is delayed, the less useful it will be to the voters. They need to know the score *now*, before the election—before they may make some awful misjudgment at the polls. For the biographer the paradox becomes a dilemma. Should he write for the sake of electoral enlightenment, during the heat and murk of battle, when his subject is in some disarray if not undress, when a few naked truths can be picked up for the asking? Or should he wait until after the political wars and even the presidential years, when he can find all the records neatly arrayed in a presidential library, even though, as the military historians say, truth will have begun to put on its uniform?

The year before John Kennedy ran for President I proposed to the Senator that I would try to write about him, a very live politician, as if he were a dead statesman. I would have access to his files, his family, his staff. My only obligation was to try to produce a responsible and "objective" work. He agreed to this seemingly one-sided arrangement. I had certain advantages. I knew at the time that Kennedy was definitely going to run in 1960, so I had a candidate certain as a subject. A history buff, he would understand the biographer's responsibilities. And he felt secure enough politically and psychologically to let me conduct fishing expeditions into his files.

John Kennedy and his aides lived up to their side of the bargain; whether I lived up to mine is not so clear. If he had his constituency—a majority in the electoral college—I had mine: the historians, political scientists and other scholars among whom I moved, whose judgment I respected, and whose benediction I sought. I held somewhat mixed feelings about Kennedy for President. I had misgivings about some of his evasions in the face of high moral issues—McCarthyism was the conspicuous example—and doubts about his capacity to deliver on the promises he would be making to the American people. Looking back now, I wonder if I fully gauged the qualities of rising commitment and purpose in Kennedy—qualities that he was demonstrating particularly in the last months of his presidency. On balance it was a "mainly pro-Kennedy" book: but it was critical enough of the young senator to win some standing and influence with liberal academics, many of whom were still entranced by Adlai Stevenson.

Still, I had misgivings about my formula for dealing with the presidential biographer's dilemma. Yes, I had been allowed to rummage through the Senator's files during office hours and after, but I had to recognize that access to the files did not mean mastery of them. A Senate office is not a presidential library; senatorial aides are not archivists. I had no way of checking records that were located outside the Senate office, that were perhaps in the private possession of Kennedy or his advisers. More serious, by spending days and evenings in the company of men wholly consecrated to election victory, and by accompanying the candidate on early campaign forays, I had been drawn into the ambience of the campaign effort, at some risk to the detachment I was hoping to bring to my biographer's role.

So 16 years later, in deciding to do a study of Edward Kennedy, I tried another approach. Circumstances were different. Edward Kennedy was as determined not to run for the nomination as his older brother had been committed to do so; and Edward Kennedy had a fuller legislative and political record for the biographer to exploit, even aside from his personal crises and family problems. So this time I simply informed Edward Kennedy in a letter that I was planning to do the book, and I added that as a noncandidate he might wish to be as free from being implicated in the writing of an election-year biography as I was eager not to be drawn into his political orbit. I concluded with the suggestion

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that the letter did not even need be acknowledged. It wasn't.

In doing research on Edward Kennedy I depended more on voluminous public records, including the wide variety of congressional hearings in which he has taken a leading role, on a rich collection of journalistic accounts, and on interviews that my research associates and I conducted of Kennedy's aides, colleagues and adversaries. I interviewed the Senator in his home and stayed clear of his office. He was remarkably forthright about his worry over the capacity of our political system to deal with deep-seated ills, but typically guarded as to his private life. When I asked him, for example, whether he could explain the apparent inconsistency between his well-planned, self-protecting, carefully organized public life, and his vulnerable, risky and often unguarded private life, he seemed to feel that the question was more relevant to his past life than his present.

In talking with Washingtonians my associates and I were struck by the sharp difference between the attitudes toward Kennedy of journalists and of government professionals. The former were obsessed by the private man, his personal crises, family situation, style of play. The professionals who worked with Kennedy on the Hill and in the party and campaign circuits were almost invariably impressed by his strong, explicit positions on issues, his capacity for hard and varied work, his sense of purpose and commitment. As for myself, I concluded that Edward Kennedy was in many respects better prepared for the presidency than John Kennedy had been, that he was a more solid and outspoken liberal, that he was more effective in appealing to low-income voters, and that, if nominated this year or in 1980 or 1984, he would draw to the polls millions of voters who are presently among the "missing 40 per cent" in presidential elections.

So I concluded, and so I wrote. But in writing presidential biographies there is a certain tactical advantage in drawing up splendidly impartial balance sheets, with the pros and cons neatly offsetting one another. Certainly the critics would prefer such a balance sheet, almost as much as a muckraking exposé or a new piece of detective work on Chappaquiddick. But for the author to refuse to say where he finally comes out would be the most unscholarly act of all, an exercise in spurious neutrality. The voter wants some kind of verdict; he cannot split his vote among two or three candidates.

Contemplating my experiences in writing about the Kennedys, and knowing something of those of other candidate biographers, I would suggest:

1. It is in fact not possible to write about a living politician as one would about a dead President. The full array of records, the memoirs—and memories—of aides, the close analysis of particular episodes and policies, simply are not available in mid-career, even aside from lack of knowledge of the presidential years (which would not have taken place yet). But an independent, balanced, detached biography drawn from what facts are available—and these are voluminous—should serve as both a standard and a goal, provided the author offers some judgment of his own. It is unfortunate that we have had no such work on Jimmy Carter; only in recent weeks have we had from journalists the critical, probing accounts that would be the heart of a serious biography.

2. We need to recognize a new genre, the *election-year biography*, as distinct from the campaign biography, the official, authorized biography. This is the book designed to appear in an election year as a guide to the voters, that does offer a balance sheet relevant to the election, that offers the author's own final judgment on the candidate. To some it will seem wildly impossible that an author could actually write a dispassionate, disinterested study of a presidential candidate, at a time when biases dominate and tempers explode. It was printed in a column that I had been offered a king's ransom to write my current work on Ted Kennedy, or at least promised a job. Such suspicion is inevitable and, in the wake of Watergate, rather healthy.

3. However objective the election-year biographer may be, his book is a political act. It may enter into campaign debate. It may affect the judgment of journalists and editors, arouse the opposition, influence votes. Hence the author must expect to be drawn into the political tumult. His book will be reviewed as a political act, no matter how antiseptic he tried to be.

4. Election year will not be a time for subtle historical judgments. Many critics will review not the book but the candidates, and in a field of half a dozen or so presidential aspirants, many of the reviewers will already have enlisted, privately or publicly, in some other candidate's cause. Even when they have not, some will simply fail to comprehend a book that offers *two* cheers for its subject as a possible President. If reviewers hate the man one is writing about they will dwell lovingly on every word of criticism of the candidate in the book while denouncing as obsequious puffs any word of praise.

So is the election-year biography a worthy and respectable genre? Perhaps not, it is only necessary. Problems and criticism are inevitable. As Kenneth B. Clark wrote over a decade ago in the *Journal of Social Issues*, about my and others' works on John Kennedy, "Indeed, the risks *are* great. When one is involved and cares about the consequences, it is harder to be objective. All the more reason not to avoid the challenge."

James MacGregor Burns

Professor Burns is president of the American Political Science Association. His most recent book is *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy* (Norton).

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Quotas, Loopholes and Crossovers

"Covering a Democratic convention is my idea of a sedentary pursuit," said William Allen White, editor of the Republican Emporia, Kansas *Gazette* and perhaps his day's best known popular philosopher of democracy. White never got a chance to write up the conventions of 1968 or 1972, either of which might have changed his mind about the Democrats. But his sentiments now find echo in those of National Chairman Robert Strauss, who says of the upcoming gathering at Madison Square Garden, "It can't get too dull for me."

Preparing to gather in Miami Beach four years ago, the Democrats were a restless lot. The nomination was still up for grabs and 40 percent of the convention delegates faced credentials contests. Twenty minority reports came from the Platform Committee alone, a topical range including a guaranteed annual income, strengthening America's commitment to Israel, allocating federally held lands back to the Indians, tax reform, gay rights and abortion. By the time the convention disposed of that bit of business, it was 3:00 a.m., time for George McGovern's acceptance speech. When McGovern designated Sen. Thomas Eagleton as his running mate, votes were cast for 70 different vice presidential choices.

This year will obviously be different. Preliminary committee hearings indicate a determination to avoid controversy more characteristic of the conventions that William Allen White remembers. Also, to avoid divisive and time-consuming floor fights, the percentage needed to carry minority reports out of committee has been raised from 10 to 25 percent of each committee's membership. Thus, most of this year's battles will be resolved in the committees, with much of the compromising done in closed drafting sessions.

The committee that usually attracts the least notice is the one with the greatest capacity to affect future nomination battles, the Committee on Rules. Through that body must pass all continuing mandates governing party reform in upcoming years. While Jimmy Carter's coordinators can probably muster a majority for whatever positions the candidate designates as orthodoxy, there are some issues on the agenda that could reshape presidential nominations four years from now, as well as one or two that might generate some sparks if they are not successfully resolved in advance of the convention.

Quotas: Re-enter the Democrats' touchiest dispute. After 1968 when it was discovered that women comprised only 13 percent of the convention and blacks only 5.5, the party adopted rules guaranteeing these groups representation based on their proportion of the population. For '72, any state delegation that came in discernably short of that standard was deemed challengeable. As a result, four-fifths of the credentials contests that year were based on demography. It was a controversial requirement, but it worked—the proportion of women jumped to 40 percent and blacks to 21 percent.

Opponents of the rule charged that a quota system had been imposed, and the issue was exploited in those terms by Richard Nixon in the November election. So following 1972, the party beat a retreat softening this year's requirement to an affirmative action obligation—state parties had to involve underrepresented groups in procedures leading up to the convention, but there were no promises of guaranteed outcomes. That, as many women and blacks see it, hasn't worked. "Affirmative action is a rain dance," says one observer. The results from the first 20 states to certify full delegations tend to substantiate that charge: only about nine percent of the delegates are black and less than three of ten are women. "Our goal this year was a quarter of the convention, the same proportion we provide of the Democrats' general election vote," says Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary. "As things stand, this party is going backward."

So the Caucus of Black Democrats, a nationwide group of officeholders, has joined organized women's groups in proposing another set of rules for the 1980 convention. For the blacks—not merely affirmative action to encourage *participation*, but specific goals and timetables to assure *representation*. For the women—all future party committees and conventions to be divided equally between the sexes.

For Jimmy Carter, this issue presents a special problem. Black voters were absolutely crucial to his early primary victories, notably in the elimination of George Wallace in Florida and North Carolina. Also, 40 percent or more of the black delegates at Madison Square Garden will be pledged to Carter. On the one hand, Carter will not wish to be in a position of rejecting the demands of a unified black leadership, especially on an issue where they have sufficient support and attention to carry a minority report to the convention floor. On the other, he understands that this matter sparks deep resentment among many Democrats, notably in the higher councils of the AFL-CIO. George Meany wants no quotas. "We're walking through a minefield on this one," says a Carter representative to the Rules Committee.

Crossover Voting : Four years ago, the Democrats passed a rule requiring states to close their primaries, then failed to enforce it. Thus nearly half the primaries held this year were open to anyone who cared to come, members of either party or of no party at all.

In part, open primaries derive from local traditions, strongly held in places like Wisconsin where the practice dates from the Progressive era. In part also, crossover voting exists because local politicians with

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the power to eliminate it rely on its continuance to assure their own renomination. For example, the conservative, majority faction of the Texas Democratic party has for years depended on the votes of what they call "November Republicans" to dominate their party's open primary. Despite GOP gains in US House and Senate races, that contest is still the only one that counts for most state offices in Texas. In other places, local Republicans have been unwilling to close primaries. Nationally, only about 20 percent of the electorate retains a Republican affiliation; of this number, about half identify themselves as ideological conservatives, and because they are habitual voters, this group often accounts for as much as two-thirds of GOP primary turnout. Moderate Republicans in places like Michigan need to maintain an arangement whereby registered Independents can easily vote in GOP primaries as a means of preventing the conservative faction from permanently capturing nominations. However, crossovers were a notable if overstated influence in the race between Reagan and Ford this year, and if the Democrats reaffirm their rule against open primaries, they might find a bit more bipartisan cooperation in future efforts to restrict primary voting to party members.

Loophole primaries: Technically the Democrats also have a rule on the books requiring proportional representation; elected delegates are supposed to accurately reflect the presidential preferences of primary and caucus voters. But thirteen primary states, including most of the big ones—New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Texas—opted to take advantage of a loophole in that rule permitting a plurality-take-all result in district level primaries. In Texas, for example, Carter won 49 percent of the popular vote and 94 percent of the delegates.

By eliminating this loophole for 1980, which it certainly will do, the national Democratic party is sending a series of reluctant state legislatures back to the drawing board for a third round of rewriting primary laws. It is also eliminating what has commonly been assumed to be an important advantage for state party organizations, one of the few they retain under the party's reformed delegate selection rules. Had the loophole not been in effect this year, it is unlikely that the uncommitted Democratic organization slates favoring Jerry Brown and Hubert Humphrey could have been elected in New Jersey, and at least possible that Mayor Daley's handpicked delegates might have had less easy sailing in the Illinois primary.

It is now widely acknowledged that this year's record 30 primaries produced a nominating contest too lengthy, too demanding on candidates and on their money and organizations. If the Democrats and Republicans agree to eliminate crossover voting for 1980, and, if the Democrats actually close off loophole primaries, there may be a few states where both changes are deemed sufficiently unappetizing as to warrant abandoning the primaries and returning to caucuses to pick delegates the next time around.

Filing deadlines: One change that will almost certainly come out of the Rules Committee will be a mandate for primary states to drop their lengthy and complicated entry requirements. Now, presidential candidates not only have to build nationwide organizations state-by-state, but they must also designate committees or agents, circulate petitions, or hold official meetings in states several months before primaries are actually held. The Ohio primary, for example, was one of the last to be held this year, but to qualify, candidates had first to file a steering committee with the secretary of state by February 15, then qualify slates of delegates and alternates, both at-large and in each of the 23 congressional districts, by March 25. Such requirements leave little flexibility in the process. Part of Jimmy Carter's genius was his early start. But as Brown's candidacy proved, it is all but impossible to do otherwise, to lay back, see how it goes and make a considered judgment to start late. When Brown announced his intention to be more that a homestate candidate near the end of April, there were still 22 primaries ahead, but in nearly all of those he was able to enter, he had to campaign on behalf of existing slates of uncommitted delegates, for those pledged to candidates who had already withdrawn, or, as in Oregon, run a write-in effort. Brown campaigned in a handicapped fashion in six states, and beat Carter in each of them. Had he been eligible to run in all the late primaries on an equal basis with everyone else, there are some who believe the nomination might not have been foreclosed so quickly. Nevertheless, Jimmy Carter, who knows all the filing requirements as well as the expenses and burdens involved in meeting them, has passed word to his Rules Committee representatives that both filing and withdrawal dates should be open in every state up to 30 days before the primary.

Mid-term Conferences: Those who believe that a national party should gather in the off years to debate issues and matters of party policy lost their attempt at the Kansas City mini-convention to mandate permanent party conferences. They will try again in New York City. In its modern form, the idea for off-year policy conferences grew out of the Indochina debate: could some of the acrimony of 1968 been avoided had the party's rank-and-file been given an opportunity to register disapproval of President Johnson's war policies two years before?

Advocates of another mid-term conference in 1978 range from those who want to be sure that the possibility exists for an interim check on any unpopular incumbent to those who envision the enclave as an excellent opportunity for a President to rally support

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for his administration.

One party sage who views the entire idea with skepticism remarks, "Three thousand delegates, three networks and gavel to gavel coverage. What an excellent setting for Jerry Brown to kick off his 1980 challenge to President Carter."

Aid for Needy Delegates: In 1972, someone noticed that travel and lodging expenses at Miami Beach and other convention cities might prove burdensome to low income delegates. So the convention passed a resolution providing that eight percent of all future income of the Democratic National Committee had to be set aside, maintained in a separate bank account, solely to defray the expenses of delegates who could not otherwise attend the 1976 convention. No money was ever set aside, according to National Chairman Robert Strauss, because the party was then in debt and could not meet this obligation as well as its ongoing operating expenses. Another rule on the books not enforced.

Then, when the Federal Campaign Act of 1974 was passed, it included $2 million for each party to conduct its national convention, meaning that the spectacles in New York and Kansas City will be entirely at public expense. But the law also contains a strange, Catch-22 proviso that not a penny of this money may be used to defray delegate expenses, nor can other party funds be used for that purpose. In short, public money can be used to provide limousines to help governors find their way around New York City, but not for train fare to assist needy delegates in getting there. Someone on this year's Rules Committee may notice the anomaly.

Ken Bode

Race War Diplomacy

South African Unmentionables

by Roger Morris

Among the news photographs of the Secretary of State during his recent trip through Black Africa, one symbolizes well the realities behind the diplomacy. Pudgy and sweating, Kissinger stands in a crush of costumed Masai warriors at a ceremonial dance in Kenya. The smile or the sober earnestness he usually wears has now deserted him for a countenance of visible confusion and discomfort and a trace of menace. He seems pained to face what is about to happen.

Kissinger's trip was designed to repair the badly tattered US position in Africa after the debacle in Angola. From the fall of the Portuguese territories came a new wave of black insurgency that seemed certain to engulf the white minority régime in Rhodesia and ultimately undermine the bastion of racial repression, South Africa. The relentless process was armed and exploited by the Soviets while Washington appeared indifferent, or tacitly on the side of the doomed white régimes. Thus the Secretary's ringing speech in Lusaka, Zambia on April 27. He warned the Rhodesian government to negotiate a majority rule settlement within two years; there will be no prospect of US help to preserve them in the meantime. On South African issues he urged a "definite timetable" to end the long outlawed occupation of Namibia (Southwest Africa), and promised the US would "exercise all its efforts ' to persuade South Africa peacefully to end *apartheid* and move toward "equality of opportunity and basic human rights."

Predictably, the speech drew extravagant praise from several quarters, ranging from black African leaders to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (where Senator George McGovern (D, SD), not usually an admirer of the Secretary, pronounced it "historic"). Kissinger also got prior approval from the congressional black caucus for his recently announced meeting with South African Prime Minister John Vorster later this month in Germany. "Responsible statesmanship," one caucus member said of the Vorster talks, which he almost certainly would have denounced a few weeks earlier. It was all very different from the chill of last winter when the same groups had accused the same Kissinger of tragic folly in his Angolan policy.

Yet despite the self-congratulation in the State Department and Congress, the realities of American foreign policy and the crisis in Southern Africa were unchanged and the root issues were unmentioned. US policy is still largely rhetoric, our diplomacy lacking both the will and the ability to take measures that would genuinely affect the current descent of the region into violence or truly change our position there. No one seems able to confront the worst, and perhaps

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most likely, possibilities: neither swift collapse nor negotiated settlement, but rather a long and savage race war in Southern Africa; its release in turn of a still strong and thinly-hidden racist impulse in the US Congress and the country; and the wider, potentially ominous impact of bloody black-white warfare brought before the American public in living color, with incalculable implications for our own domestic peace. As Kissinger and his new liberal constituency practice the conventional politics of congressional currying and diplomatic posturing, Southern Africa threatens to become a foreign policy issue unlike any other in recent history, and the most divisive since Vietnam.

acillation and hypocrisy trace a long history in US diplomacy toward the Southern African problem. Through the 1960s the public face of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations was to deplore the racist régimes at regular intervals at the UN and elsewhere while doing discreet business with them on the side. The most visible presence was more than a billion dollars in corporate investments in South Africa, which allowed US firms like General Motors and Coca Cola to practice petty *apartheid* for substantial profit. Behind the scenes the CIA subsidized black guerrillas while maintaining intimate liaison with the white security services, NASA ran a Jim Crow tracking station in South Africa for moon shots, and the State Department loudly championed Rhodesian sanctions as it quietly winked at enterprising African clients like Zambia, Zaire and Tanzania that wantonly violated the embargo themselves.

The fraud only became more blatant when the Nixon Administration adopted early in 1970, after a tortuous nine-month bureaucratic policy review, the notorious "Tar Baby" option, which called for a "partial relaxation" of the pressures, such as they were, against the minority régimes. Ironically, the original intent of "Tar Baby" (as it was christened by a bureaucratic opponent) was much the same as its harshest congressional critics now seem to support in the Kissinger-Vorster meeting. Its premise was that historically the repression by the white minorities had only hardened with their ostracism, and that dialogue and contact with the outside world, including economic modernization, might work to expose, weaken and eventually destroy by peaceful evolution the evil absurdities of racism. But the subtle balance between influence and acquiescence in such a course proved too much for the Rogers State Department to which Nixon and Kissinger readily left African affairs. The strategy swiftly degenerated into a mere mask for more business-as-usual with the whites, including the sale of military aircraft and the breach of UN sanctions in the import of Rhodesian chrome.

It was from this policy and the joint US-South African support of the losing Angolan factions last winter that Kissinger's Lusaka speech ostensibly rescued American interests. But nothing meaningful has changed. Policy has always oscillated between expedient coziness with the whites and ritual responses to African client pressures, with no real diplomatic alternative to the coming violence, no concrete plan for a peaceful settlement, in either emphasis. Kissinger's Lusaka timetables are tougher than past rhetoric, but hardly more creative. "It's as if we just announced to the Arabs and Israelis they had six months to settle the West Bank issue," says one skeptical official who accompanied the Secretary to Africa, "and then pretended we had dealt with the Middle East."

There are dramatic measures Washington could take to stand clearer of the white states and also signal them that the new policy is more than common verbiage. Most telling of these would be a public announcement to US firms in South Africa (among them are the top 20 defense contractors) that Washington will no longer condone their petty *apartheid* discrimination, under possible penalties in government contracts similar to those now applied to violations of the Equal Employment Opportunity Act in the United States. Legislation to this effect by Rep. Charles Diggs (D, Mich.) and others has languished for years in Congress, but Executive action for the time being could at least attempt moral suasion of the corporations if not sustained enforcement. The political impact at this juncture inside South Africa, though it would not be technically an act of one government against the other, could be significant. Moreover, any economic tightening against their patron South Africa would be a powerful sign to the Rhodesians—given the UN sanctions relatively immune from further financial pressures—that Kissinger's words in Lusaka were indeed serious. Yet officials stress that the preparations for the Vorster talks and policy planning for Southern Africa are "nowhere near" such steps.

The Ford Administration could produce a similarly tangible disengagement simply by stopping the current CIA and Pentagon liaison relationships with the South Africans, ties that not only identify the US with the racist régimes but also often make our intelligence hostage to the biased reports of the white services. In the past, say many officials, that dependence has made for wide distortions in Washington's analysis of the strength of black liberation groups and the degree of Soviet influence, factors that will be increasingly crucial as the war grows in Southern Africa. Here, too, however, sources close to policy discussions are unanimous that the old and quiet relationships will remain despite Kissinger's hard talk for public consumption in Africa. CIA Director George Bush is said to oppose strongly any change in the Agency's working routine in Southern Africa, "as much for bureaucratic morale reasons as for policy," says one source. The Pentagon, meanwhile, has reportedly sent to the White House at least one memorandum arguing the heightened importance of military "access" to South Africa in light of new Soviet influence in Angola and Mozam-

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bique. "They make the Indian Ocean-oil-strategic sealanes argument," says one NSC aide. By the logic of bureaucratic missions in Washington if not the national interest, the current crisis in Southern Africa has apparently brought a stiffening of those very contacts with the whites that should have been the first to disappear under the Lusaka doctrine.

The best justification for this continued backstairs complicity with the South Africans would be, of course, an authentic US mediation between black and white, requiring compromising interests on both sides. Again there is no evidence that a serious effort of this kind is underway. Even if there were, the prospects would be bleak for reasons that go deep into both the problem and the limits of American diplomacy. The issues in Southern Africa are inherently domestic questions, basic matters of political and social conflict that will require, if they are to be settled short of a war, an acute sensitivity to the history, fears and interests on both sides as well as their relationships with one another. But that sensitivity and sophistication about the protagonists—which US diplomacy readily presumes necessary in an area of conflict like the Middle East—has been and remains a fatal flaw in policy toward Southern Africa. In a client-obsessed State Department bureaucracy, which has long regarded diplomatic service in the white-ruled countries with a cryptic suspicion, which has deliberately refused to post such officers again elsewhere in Africa or sometimes even in the African Bureau in Washington, there is little or no cadre of seasoned and current expertise on the white states of the sort the Foreign Service can summon in almost any other area. The problem belongs to the frequently bizarre bureaucratic sociology of Foggy Bottom. But its diplomatic effects are very real. The 1969 policy review was largely conducted by Foreign Service officers who had never heard of major events in South African or Rhodesian history, from the founding of the Cape Colony to the Zulu War and the Shangani Patrol. By several accounts, the briefings for Kissinger's June 23-24 talks with Prime Minister Vorster are likewise being prepared by officers whose main experience and training is in Black Africa. Once more, it is as if Washington approached the complexities of Middle East shuttle diplomacy with position papers written solely by Arabists.

But the ineptness of US policy is insignificant beside what is likely to happen in Southern Africa over the next few years without some sort of peaceful settlement, and the effects of those events in the United States go well beyond the State Department. In South Africa, some 4.5 million whites, many of whom trace a history in the land longer than the 20 million blacks, possess a modern military and scientific machine. They face a black population massed in urban and rural slums far separated from white communities. Even in Rhodesia, where the ratio is a much greater 5 million blacks to 270,000 whites and the black population is less regimented and isolated, the regime commmands a well armed and still highly motivated military force whose white members are often third-and-fourth-generation Rhodesians. On the other hand, the modern cities of the white states are vulnerable to urban terrorism, and the isolated farms to guerrilla attack. The vast black majorities, in fact largely apolitical, will be to the terrorists and guerrillas both refuge and expedient target, to the besieged whites a sinister, eventually hostile presence, much as the Vietnamese were to US troops. No palpable chance for compromise on either side can be felt. Black liberation groups remain adamant in their demands for majority rule. The Rhodesian régime has no significant white opposition to its militant resistance. Despite some growth in the small opposition Progressive Party, the governing Nationalists in South Africa remain firmly in power. In short, there are in Southern Africa all the ingredients for a protracted and ruthless war, reminiscent of Vietnam, Northern Ireland, Lebanon.

The question no one is willing to ask—fashionable as Southern African issues have suddenly become in official utterances as well as in the press—is how that kind of race war, the first of such magnitude and potential, might strike the United States. The storm raised by Kissinger's African trip and speech in President Ford's primary campaign against Ronald Reagan may be only a hint of the reaction. As it was, Ford felt obliged on at least two occasions, to Alabama newsmen and in a Nebraska rally, to pledge that the US "would not be a party" to any outcome that did not guarantee white minority rights, and that we would act to "protect" those rights, though he would not elaborate how.

Faced with a full-scale guerrilla war in Rhodesia or frequent terrorist bombings in South Africa, the administration would almost certainly begin to encounter the racist pro-white sentiment that lies so close to the surface in the Congress and that helped pass and preserve the Byrd Amendment exempting Rhodesian chrome from UN sanctions. Few congressmen will talk about the transfer to surrogate foreign policy issues like Southern Africa of prejudices and fears that their colleagues can no longer respectably or safely express in domestic issues, particularly where black votes hold the balance in congressional districts. But several, white liberals as well as black members, believe it is there—one of the unacknowledged inner festerings of American politics. It would still be relatively easy to cloak those feelings on Southern Africa by appeals to humanitarianism, to strategic interests, to merely opposing the Russians. But whatever the tone of the debate, however legitimate any or all of the arguments, it will be naïve and dangerous not to expect that a race war in Southern Africa will evoke a reaction from Congress far out of proportion to its basic foreign policy significance.

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The more frightening and still more unmentionable subject is how the rest of us will respond to these distant events that could awaken racial fears and resentments now buried or deflected in our society. If it happens, this is almost certain to be another television war, reaching across living rooms with an immediacy and relevance we have not experienced since US troops were heavily engaged in Indochina. But it will be different too. There in the battle, as an ABC report from Rhodesia showed not long ago, will be the classic stereotypes of racial bigotry and antagonism. It will not only be the hardened white soldier, but also his blonde wife and tow-headed children, speaking English, dressed in jeans, and living in a city that looks like Chicago or Atlanta, or on a farm that could be in California or Ohio. And relatively unseen, as guerrillas and terrorists and muzzled, repressed populations always are, will be the black mass, with its feelings and sufferings probably less reported and understood. It will be seen as an alien force, increasingly synonymous with the wreckage the war leaves behind for the camera.

In an extraordinary way the Southern African crisis may bring together a number of forces we have not learned to control—the random emotional power of television news, the white racism uncured by a decade of civil progress, the black rage still coursing beneath poverty and discrimination, the immeasurable psychological scars and paralysis of will following the Vietnam defeat.

Race war in Southern Africa may of course be one of those disasters, long-predicted, that never quite happens. Africans have a heartening history of their own ingenious and compassionate settlements of seemingly irreconcilable quarrels. There is the precedent, for example, of the preservation of white rights in Kenya after the Mau Mau or the largely untroubled reunification of Nigeria and Biafra. But there is also a history of genocide and savagery, some if it on both sides in Southern Africa.

At any rate, the Ford administration, like Secretary Kissinger at the Masai dance, seems caught in a situation from which there is no ready escape. For the most part incompetent or unwilling to deal with the problem as effectively as possible abroad, they have also refused—which is not surprising in an election year—to face its possible implications at home by preparing public understanding of what could lie ahead. Nor is there much hope a Democratic régime would do better, staffed, as it almost certainly will be, by many of the same men who presided over the drift of Southern African policy in the '60s.

The Southern Paradox

Jimmy Carter: Agrarian Rebel?

by Robert Coles

It is usually a truism to say that the life of a man contains paradoxes. To say this of Tom Watson, however, is to make the only broad generalization one can make concerning the man. His life was a paradox. Especially is this true when the two parts of his career, divided by the interval of eight years that began in 1896, are contrasted. One can not arrive at any fair or true judgment of Watson by considering either of these two aspects of his life to the exclusion of the other. When a liberal journal fastens upon Watson the responsibility for 'the sinister forces of intolerance, superstition, prejudice, religious jingoism and mobbism,' it is indulging in half-truths as surely as does the veriest demagogue it denounces. The term 'Southern demagogue' should be recognized for what it is, a political epithet. It does not contribute anything to our understanding of the men to whom it is applied. I hold no brief for men of this type, nor for Tom Watson in so far as he was representative of them. I do insist upon understanding them clearly. I do not believe it is accurate to blame Watson for the 'sinister forces' already mentioned. To do so would be to assign him far too important a role, a role that belongs to the vastly more impersonal forces of economics and race and historical heritage. To do so, moreover, would be to miss at the same time the deep meaning of his story. He did not produce those forces: he was produced by them. They thwarted at every turn his courageous struggle in the face of them during his early Populist battles, and they led him into the futility and degeneration of his later career. This was what made his life a personal tragedy. Although I have not sought to impose the view upon the reader, I might confess here my private feeling that his story is also in many ways the tragedy of a class, and more especially the tragedy of a section.
C. Vann Woodward in *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel*

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The tragedy of a nation, too, because not only Tom Watson and the South have had to contend with the "forces" C. Vann Woodward has spent a lifetime documenting. Tom Watson was the first Georgia white political leader to fight hard and unremittingly against racism, the Klan, lynching, and very important, the exploitation of blacks and whites alike at the hands of various business interests. He was the South's leading populist, and his conversion to racism and sectional xenophobia came only after repeated defeats, frustrations, disappointments. For years he tried to bring Georgia's ordinary working people together: white and black, urban and rural. And his vision extended to the rest of the country: what would it be like if factory workers and farmers, country people and city immigrants, proud if vulnerable office workers and badly treated blacks, Indians, Appalachian yeomen, Spanish-speaking people all came together in the realization that they have in common the unhappy lot of constant economic jeopardy, though they constitute an overwhelming majority of the population?

One of Watson's friends and political allies during his populist period was Jim Jack Gordy, a South Georgia postmaster who first thought up the idea of rural free delivery. If city people could get mail delivered to their doors, why not farm families? Congressman Watson eventually pushed the necessary legislation through. One of Mr. Gordy's children, Lillian, is still very much alive and it is possible that she will turn out to be the mother of an American President. Her son, Jimmy Carter, has talked knowingly, proudly, sadly, about Tom Watson and his regrettable fate: "He was a good man at first. He wanted to help the common man; he wanted to show the ordinary white people and black people that they both were in trouble, and so long as they hated each other, the greedy and powerful interests would do 'right well,' as we say in the South. But the populists were defeated, and the ordinary men and women of the South, of both races, paid a high price. Tom Watson became bitter, consumed by hate. So did a lot of other people."

To this day Carter recalls the humiliating poverty that millions of Americans for a long time had to take for granted all their lives. In the rural South, especially, men and women of both races, generation after generation, worked long and hard for precious little. In his autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, written by himself, with no outside assistance whatsoever, he does a touching and instructive job of evoking his "life on the farm during the Great Depression." His people, on both sides, were strong-minded, industrious, intelligent; yet, they lived hard pressed, precarious lives. They were devout, God-fearing men and women, willing to scrabble energetically, ingeniously for what rather often amounted to a pittance. They fell back, always, on the Bible and on what I suppose could be called country pieties (the virtues as well as the obligations of hard and not always rewarding work). They also fell back on themselves: "Our lives then were centered almost completely around our own family and our own home."

The Carters and others like them lived close to the land. They were not, strictly speaking, educated or, certainly, cosmopolitan. But they were hungry for knowledge, read a lot on their own, and had a keen sense of how things worked—not only in their relatively provincial sphere, but up there in Atlanta, and further north, Washington, DC. As a child Carter witnessed the impact of New Deal legislation on the lives of Georgia's poor, among them his own parents and relatives. His father became one of the directors of a local committee set up to receive the benefits of the Rural Electrification Administration. "Farmers began to have county and regional meetings," he remembers, "to elect REA directors, to discuss national legislation, to determine rate structure, to bargain with the Georgia Power Company on electric supplies, and to determine which regions would be covered next by the electric power line."

The Georgia Power Company, other utilities, the railroads, and the law firms that cater to them. And the banks that hold their money. And the lobbyists who have seemingly limitless expense accounts, and who whisper and smile or scowl and threaten. All of them in Atlanta, a city razed by Yankees, and a city that would

"Some day that Carter kid's gonna be President."

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be increasingly regarded by many Southerners, later on, as "northern bought." To understand Jimmy Carter, of Plains, Georgia, population 550, even now three and a half hours by car from Atlanta, one must realize what swinging, bustling, ever so rich and powerful Atlanta has meant to those who live in the counties of Webster, Sumter, Dooly, Crisp, in towns like Americus or Cordele, in communities like Vienna or Plains.

When Jimmy Carter ran for governor of Georgia in 1970 he did so as yet another political spokesman for those who felt "outside"—ignored, cheated, exploited, looked down upon and scorned. Atlanta has always been a mixed blessing for many Georgians, including a good number who were born there, but feel their "roots" to be elsewhere. Atlanta is the state capital, the center of political and economic power, a place of "progress," opportunity, sophistication. But Atlanta is also seen as potentially dangerous, as an alien presence. Deals are made there: high profits and high rise buildings and highfalutin talk and a lot of airs—and the same old story of a few raking in a whole lot, at the expense of the overwhelming majority of the people who are lucky to be able to hold their own and stay out of the reach of various bill collectors.

Carter's opponent was Carl Sanders, a former governor, and very close to Atlanta's business community. The poor and working people of Georgia who once responded to Tom Watson, who recently loved Lester Maddox's idiosyncratic, erratic, colorful, occasionally bizarre, and racist version of populism—attacks upon the Atlanta newspapers, the Atlanta big boys, the Atlanta power structure, and Atlanta bureaucrats—were the same people who found Jimmy Carter appealing. He understood their frustrations, their vulnerability, their fierce pride. Moreover, he was a link of a kind between them and the big shots of the world. His family has been in rural Georgia for more than 200 years—simple, hardworking, unpretentious people. But he had gone to college, the first in his family to do so: Georgia Tech, then Annapolis. He was, as he took pains to point out, a farmer, an engineer, a nuclear physicist, a former naval officer, a state legislator aware of and responsive to the particular needs and rhythms of small town life. Even many of those who have lived all their lives in Atlanta feel that they "come from" some other place—and wonder, sometimes, whether the many advantages of a big city that has, in fact, become a regional center, are, finally, worth all that much. At the least, those Atlantans experience moments of nostalgia; and Jimmy Carter's personal memoir contains an unashamedly sentimental and kindly look backward at an earlier, harder, but simpler and more traditional world.

He knew, in his bones as much as in his head, that there are many sides to all people, even those apparently rigid in their opinions and prejudices. He had obvious appeal to those strong on church life, family life; those patriotic and military-minded without embarrassment or apology. (Military bases have long been a major industry in the South, a source of employment for its many poor black and white citizens.) His technological competence was a further attraction to men and women still anxious for the benefits of industrialization, if suspicious of the social and cultural consequences. He spoke not only as a farmer, but a successful businessman. He spoke as a plain man from Plains, but also as an educated and well-informed man, quite willing and able to take on all sorts of "powers and principalities." He spoke as a believing Baptist, a retired naval officer. He did not quite wave the Bible or hoist the flag at every turn, but he knew the old ploys that had worked so well in the rural South, and he knew how little they had brought to those in the greatest need.

He won, an underdog fighting the capital city boys, the big interests, the self-confident and well-to-do and proudly urbane Atlanta businessmen and bureaucrats, with their Brooks Brothers suits and revolving restaurants and exposed elevators, and plastic credit cards and guardedly liberal pieties—"we're too busy to hate"; and not rarely, their arrogance, condescension, smugness, hypocrisy. He won and he promptly spoke out as no Georgia governor had ever before dared to do. He called upon the early Tom Watson—the brave and decent man who wanted to help advance his people's cause and free them, at last, from the brutish satisfactions of racial fear. And like Watson, he was not altogether successful. Georgia's state and county political system has a life of its own. The governor has quite limited power, can even be described as a leader at the constant mercy of various mercenaries and opportunists. To Atlanta they come: smooth talking, manicured agents of national firms with local interests; political Snopeses; itinerant and pushy and loud-mouthed lawyers or sheriffs or school officials or yes, ministers, all intent on some favors, some gravy. Jimmy Carter wanted to change the structure of the state's government, make it not only more efficient, but less amenable to the vultures he scanned from his executive mansion, or his office downtown at the capitol. He also worked to give blacks more power, real and symbolic. He fought an encrusted bureaucracy. He tried to cut a lot of patronage fat out of government. He advocated a more equitable tax system—one that would favor the working people rather than corporate interests and the rich. He caused to be investigated and strived to reform a barbaric penal system. He showed himself to be mindful of dangers to Georgia's land, water, air. He was a strong governor; and he was personally honest.

He failed in various respects. He was stymied by entrenched interests—governmental and private. He found out that reforms, too, can be hurtful to relatively marginal people—especially in a poor state whose bureaucracy has been a stable source of employment.

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He made promises that he could not deliver. He found himself defending a record that was not at all perfect. (Every governor of the state is, immediately on assuming office, a lame-duck, because he cannot hold two consecutive terms.) And he came up with self-serving apologies, with rather too insistent defenses of his record, and with claims others disputed or mocked. He was, he is, an American politician.

But he also earned the trust and confidence of men like Andrew Young, Martin Luther King, senior, and on the white side, Charles Morgan, for years an American Civil Liberties Union attorney in the Southeast. They are among the most honorable and fearless people of the region, of the whole country, and they are no fools. Nor are they taken in by rhetorical flourishes or pietistic drivel, the homespun country variety or the slick, televised urban kind. They have survived on courage and conviction, have learned to say no to the most important and seductive people in America. Their support for Jimmy Carter is essentially pragmatic, unsentimental, and in the non-pejorative sense of the word, calculating. They knew him as the chief executive of a large Southern state, and they believe they know quite well what he hopes for, believes in, will try to bring about if elected President.

Why have others, less involved in the civil rights struggle or other social reform movements, been so responsive to Governor Carter? The conventional answers explain a lot. Among the ordinary families I visit in connection with my work—so-called blue collar workers and white collar workers—a strong and so far unrelenting suspicion of and disenchantment with Washington, DC have indeed developed. Of course, many Americans always have half distrusted or laughed at politicians, and often enough believed the worst of their motives and behavior. And not only political analysts or columnists or outspoken intellectuals have consolidated the Vietnam War, the Watergate conspiracy, the Agnew affair, the exposures of FBI and CIA transgressions into a sense of outrage and disgust. Who do these so-called "leaders" think they are, one hears asked repeatedly, and how are we to be rid of them? With no clear-cut answers at hand, there is a tendency for many to say something like this out loud or to themselves: "I don't trust any of them, and I don't want to vote for any of them, and I don't care who is running."

Yet, the same people know full well that it does make a difference who is President, or senator, or governor, and that, further, Washington, DC is not only a meeting place for craven lawyers, lobbyists, politicians, or compromised journalists known to themselves as pundits or authorities. For millions of Americans, disgusted by what has happened at the highest levels of this government, and doubtful of new promises from national politicians, the federal government is, nevertheless, a source of money and support—a potential ally in a complicated, often unfriendly social and economic system. Social security checks come monthly; so do payments for the blind, the handicapped. The government keeps an eye on big corporations, even if half-heartedly, and has over the decades been a help to unions in many ways—through laws passed, executive actions initiated, pledges of support made. Many who denounce Washington, and even say they want little from it, have in fact more than a few hopes or expectations from the President and the Congress: a health insurance program; strengthened unemployment benefits; a guaranteed minimal family income; provision for emergency work programs; efforts on behalf of the environment, and so on. "Small is beautiful," say some, and thousands agree wholeheartedly, while all the while taking for granted dozens of services, actual or potential, from "big" government—or taking for granted enough of a personal income and a situation in life that afford the privilege of detached, evenhanded social criticism, the impact of which, if realized, is regarded (mistakenly or not) by millions of other people as a direct threat to their jobs and to their lives.

For many white people in the North as well as the South, Governor Carter comes across not as an evasive, banal, and endlessly reassuring preacher, ready to pat a gullible electorate on the back in exchange for support, but a tough, hardworking, intelligent and likable man who has not been part of Washington, has run rather well a Southern state, despite its racial tensions, has managed to secure strong backing from both black and white working people and their leaders, and has demonstrated a sensible balance of respect for valuable federal programs, along with proper loathing for the recent corruptions of fact and spirit. As for blacks, they knew that upon his election as governor of Georgia Jimmy Carter began to deliver the goods quickly and persistently, against substantial odds. Blacks are, anyway, increasingly disappointed by, if not enraged at, Northern pretensions and airs of superiority, in matters of social and racial justice. In recent years there has been a significant exodus from the ghettos of cities like Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland; they are crowded, offer wretched housing, high unemployment rates, a stifling, desperate, murderous atmosphere. The net migration of blacks for the first time has switched directions, goes from above to below the Mason-Dixon line—a return to a South that Ralph Ellison all along has insisted is the home of his people, their country of origin before they became our latest immigrant to Yankee cities. As Governor Carter keeps reminding his audiences in a courteous, soft, unassuming accent, the South's black and white people know one another well, now quite often send their children to integrated schools, and seem far less angry or nasty with one another than is the case in, say, Boston, Massachusetts. The Georgian comes across to many as proud of his country as well as critical of it; as no one's

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captive or voice; as capable and well-educated, but not a man inclined to wave his finger at people, make them feel individually to blame for the failures of their leaders or of a political and economic system.

There has been and there no doubt will continue to be an element of sectional mistrust of Carter. Substantial opposition to him is based on class preferences if not prejudices. For years in the South—in Georgia, as a matter of fact—I heard expressed the resentments of people who felt themselves to be the scapegoats of hypocritical and patronizing upper middle class Northerners, anxious to change things in distant territory, but quite content to enjoy their own considerable privileges as college students, as professors, as aroused social critics, writers, social observers and activists who were quick to take offense at a Southern racial tragedy, but were able to ignore glaring inequities in backyard places like New England, New York, California. Unquestionably "outsiders" were desperately needed in the deep South of the early 1960's; and so was the civil rights legislation that President Johnson fought to enact. But soon enough any number of political activists had gone elsewhere, and in the end it has been the region's own people who have been left to work things out—and given what is happening in various Northern cities (Boston, again, for example) the result has not been so bad.

In Plains, Georgia, Carter's lively, intelligent, unaffected eight-year-old daughter, Amy, attends a thoroughly integrated school, plays easily and warmly with black children, and showed, in conversations a while back with a friend of mine, Tom Davey, and me, no fear or hatred of blacks. In Plains, Georgia, and many other towns of the South, people are tired of being viewed by Northern eyes as not very smart, as bumpkins or worse, as mean or coarse, as parochial at best. It is, they are convinced in South Georgia, an utterly ignorant and parochial Yankee world that judges them—one full of its own misapprehensions, blind spots, conceits and deceits, all too often dressed up in the clothes of political liberalism or radical activism.

In Plains, Georgia, this spring I talked with Mrs. Lillian Carter, Mizz Lill, 77 years old, and so, presumably, a member of the old order—today, its rather well-off segment at that. She is "only" a nurse, however; and most of her life has been an ordinary woman—anything but rich and with time on her hands. A lot of people these days want to know who the "real" Jimmy Carter is. Perhaps his mother's character will furnish a clue. She is thoughtful, sensitive, socially aware, a lifelong friend of black people and a fighter for various liberal causes. In the early 1960's, when the civil rights struggle was at its worst in nearby Albany, Georgia, she was known among whites and blacks alike as an opponent of segregation in its various forms. She even wanted to visit Martin Luther King, Jr. when he was in Albany's jail, but was persuaded not to.

In her late 60's she joined the Peace Corps, spent two years in India, near Bombay, working among the poor. It was not easy for her to be allowed that chance: "I was interviewed by a psychiatrist in Chicago, over and over again. He kept asking me why, why, why I wanted to leave a comfortable life at my age to go live in a distant place like India. Was there anything 'wrong' in my life? Was I 'running away' from something? After awhile I became tired of his questions. I began to wonder about *him*, and what *he* was like, and what *his* motives were! I didn't say anything for a long time. I knew they required those psychiatric interviews of everyone, and I didn't want to be rude. I tried to get the *doctor* talking; I wanted to have a *conversation* with him, not his endless questions and that noncommittal look on his face. I wondered what answer would satisfy him, anyway! There he was, the expert. There I was, the old lady from South Georgia. He kept on asking me where Plains is. I became tired of the same questions: how long had I lived here and there, and why did I want to go abroad, and what was on my old mind and what would happen to me overseas? I thought of asking him as respectfully as I could about *his* life. I wanted to ask why there aren't more psychiatrists from places like New York and Los Angeles 'running away' from their private practices to the ghettos a few miles away, never mind India. I kept my mouth shut, though. I kept my impertinent questions to myself. I got by. I got to India."

Lillian Carter is now taking care of her granddaughter Amy, while the girl's parents and three older brothers—they are each in their 20's and married—campaign all over America. The girl is in the third grade of a public elementary school in Plains, it is thoroughly integrated, and the children get along exceedingly well. As I watched the children of both races playing in that town, in that school, I remembered a comment of Jimmy Carter's: "People ask where I stand on the issues. I stand with my daughter. She's not in some all-white suburban school, or some private school with a black or two in it for show; she's in a class that's more than half black, and she doesn't keep count, I'll tell you."

No doubt there is in him an edge of "defensiveness," as it is, unfortunately, put in our all too psychiatrically obsessed age. But he can rouse himself, go on the attack: "I don't know if anyone from my part of the country can please some people up North—the ones who cheered me when I took on George Wallace, but then walked away shaking their heads and upset with this or that after I beat Wallace. In order to win against Wallace, in the South and in the North, I had to speak to his supporters in a way they could understand and respond to. It's not in me to talk down to people, to give them lectures, to make them feel like they're below others and they're the only ones who make mistakes or don't have charity in their hearts. I did my best to appeal to a lot of people who had turned to George Wallace out of frustration and anger and confusion. I wasn't being 'evasive' with those people. I was talking straight to

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them, and I believe a lot of them heard me."

As for his religious beliefs, so much mentioned and analyzed these days, he is less edgy when they come up for discussion. In his autobiography he calls upon Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, and at one point, Søren Kierkegaard. He is not, however, a religious or theological name-dropper. His Christian faith is strong and of long duration. George Eliot would have called it "ardent." He is a bit surprised, even amused, at the worried or sullen incredulity various liberal agnostics reveal when trying to comprehend that faith. He is not quite sure what they are worrying about. He has not suddenly, abruptly turned to God: out of psychiatric turmoil; in response to a troubled family life; or for some social or political purpose. For years he has tried to be a loyal, practicing Baptist, a believer in Christ's redemptive promise. The South, anyway, is full of churches, and they are almost invariably full of quite devout, prayerful people, who believe only in God—not encounter groups, transactional analysis, humanistic psychology, or something called "the whole person."

Mr. Carter is not self-righteous, not complacent when he talks or writes about his beliefs and his "condition" before God. Nor does he find his tough political instincts, his obvious ambition, his adroitness as a campaigner, his admitted pride, his not at all concealed desire for power, for the highest office in the land, as necessarily, in sum, evidence of lack of faith, or of a serious psychological inconsistency. He tries to be a believing Christian, yet knows he is a human being, living in a world of men and women, not angels. He can become quite subtle and thoughtful, theologically, when talking about such matters—the stuff, really, of Christian existentialism. He sees himself as no great exception, religiously speaking. Millions of Americans think and feel about the Bible and God as he does, and integrate those thoughts and feelings into lives that are, inevitably, flawed, sinful, materialistic—but not impulsive, bizarre, irregular or crazy. If he were elected President he might, though, feel enough carried away by a confidence in his own faith to rid the White House corridors of Billy Graham.

Who is the "real" Jimmy Carter? What does he "really" stand for? One watches him campaign, visits his hometown, meets his family, talks with him and, eventually, puts questions like those to him, for all their brusque, crude, somewhat patronizing quality. So it must be in politics, he realizes. Who is the "real" anybody, he muses, half seriously, half facetiously. What do people "really" stand for in their lives, he asks, earnestly, philosophically, and with obvious perplexity. There are indeed tensions, contradictions, ambiguities in his life; he has written of them—and knows that they by no means render him unique. He was a witness to his father's business and political conservatism, which had to live side by side, in a family, with his mother's compassionate, energetic, emotional liberalism. His own scientific mind has had to come to terms with a strong religious faith. He is a private, serious, reflective person—who clearly enjoys public acclaim, and exposes himself to demanding and exhausting situations that do not exactly encourage meditation, or even, at times, much thought. He is, the black people of Plains say—and they may know Carter as well as anyone does or will—a kind, generous, considerate, idealistic man; yet; he has been for many years now in a profession, politics, that brings out in most people, as they run for various offices, the cynical, the ruthless, the mistrustful, the manipulative.

he paradoxes C. Vann Woodward mentioned in connection with Tom Watson were not his alone. No one is without them, Jimmy Carter insists—maybe, again, a bit "defensively." But a given historical moment enforces its particular requirements and enables a kind of leeway—and so it always has been that one or another leader emerges out of nowhere, it seems. The man from Plains who took smug, self-satisfied Atlanta by storm the first time around is now fighting hard against Washington, DC—a city he portrays, in the Tom Watson agrarian tradition, as an even larger, more dangerous Atlanta, and at just the moment when that city's excesses and corruptions are down on the record and getting known to just about everybody. No one can, of course, be sure now what will happen later this year, but Jimmy Carter is with reason convinced that he, along with many others of the South, have come a long distance from Tom Watson's bitterness and demagoguery, and are closer than ever to his early populist sensibility. It is at least arguable, though, that a good deal of his circumspection, if not evasiveness, bears witness to historical memories: somehow, someway, as with Watson, the outspoken country boy, the man of the people, will get knocked off.

In any event, if Mr. Carter were nominated, then elected President, he would, upon taking the oath of office in January 1977, probably remind himself and his supporters, in the tradition of the young Tom Watson, that they "stand for the yearning, upward tendency of the middle and lower classes," and that they are "the sworn foes of monopoly—not monopoly in the narrow sense of the word—but monopoly of power, of place, of privilege, of wealth, of progress." That's about what I've got from the Governor when we have talked; it's about what his mother thought her father used to believe and her son now believes; and it is what my friend Tom Davey, no stranger to the rural South, picked up when talking with a gas station attendant outside of Americus, Georgia, on our way back, one time, from Plains to Atlanta: "I think Jimmy Carter will keep his eye out for the average person, like myself. I believe that we'll be on his mind a lot. He'll bring the South back into the country, that I can tell you. And like anyone else, we can offer the country something, too. Maybe now is our turn, at last." Maybe.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Two on an Island

The Annex of the La Mama Theater, a few doors down from their headquarters in the East Village, is a large rectangular space that has been used by Andrei Serban in quite different ways for his productions of *Trilogy* and *The Good Woman of Setzuan*. Now Tom O'Horgan uses it quite differently again for his production of Arrabal's *The Architect and the Emperor of Abyssinia*. The audience files into two narrow tiers of seats, one above the other, that hug three of the walls. The entire floor space is filled with Bill Stabile's set, an irregular series of brown platforms of slightly different heights, the spaces between them filled with undulated "trampolines" of brown burlap. The immediate, correct impression is of footholds of rock in the sea, one barely distinguishable from the other.

The play, set on a desert island, has two characters, a native and a new arrival who is the sole survivor of a plane crash. This Crusoe-Friday relation is used for two long acts of symbolic sequences, including impersonations, maskings, transvestism, and eventual reversal of roles. It ends with the opening scene, only the actor who played the native now plays the new arrival and vice versa.

Apart from the substance of the play (more about this below), its methods are perfectly suited to the perfervid O'Horgan. I first saw his work in a bill of La Mama short plays in 1966 and was immediately struck by a theatrical talent—explicitly, a talent for theatricality. Soon afterward he did Rochelle Owens' *Futz*, about the love of a farmer for his sow, and handled it with just the right outrageous lyric wildness. His film of *Futz* was the first sign that the outrageousness was beginning to overgrow, and by the time he did the Broadway production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* he had become America's most daringly chic theatrical windowdresser. But with *Superstar*, admittedly, he had to manufacture a dramatic occasion where none really existed. Now in *The Architect* he has at least found a work intended to live as a play and, what's even happier for him, a play that plumbs the fruitiest reaches of O'Horgan's rank, jungle-growth temperament; and that revels in the scatology and campy naughtiness that he loves.

The opening moment is sensational. Loud airplane crash noises frighten the native, and as he cowers, the Emperor arrives through a hole evidently made specially for this purpose in the Annex ceiling, floating down with an umbrella and a carpet-bag, wearing a stained white double-breasted suit and no shoes, while dozens of tiny lights twinkle under the far-flung burlap. From then on the extravagances never falter. With the aid of good lighting (Cheryl Thacker) and costumes (Joseph Aulisi) and masks (Barbara Sexton) O'Horgan gloats over every chance for visual explosion, inventing chances—especially ribald ones—even where they don't exist. But plenty exist. Visually it's all florid and entertaining. I had the feeling that, instead of a director finding exactly the right play for him to serve (as with Peter Brook and *Marat/Sade*), a director had found exactly the right play to serve him. The substance and intent don't particularly worry O'Horgan: there are just enough of both to serve as scaffolding for him. Style is damned well going to be all, he implies.

But is that all that Arrabal wanted? *The Architect* is certainly concerned with the *way* it exists, but it exists for a reason. It's one more symbolic play that tries to encapsulate the history of man and/or a conspectus of the contemporary human condition, like Frisch's *The Chinese Wall*, Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Barry's *Here Come the Clowns*, and Stoppard's *Jumpers*. The ambition to write such a play helps in itself to define its author; but O'Horgan, infatuated with glitz and his considerable power to produce it, manages to subordinate Arrabal's ambition to his own.

Nevertheless, hazily, some of Arrabal's design, more grandiose than grand, comes through. The native is called the Architect: choose your own symbolic resonance. The newcomer calls himself the Emperor of Abyssinia, and cows the Architect with stories of past glories, as long as the other man remains gullible. Early on we get the absolutely breathtaking idea that these two men are differing aspects of the human psyche, that we are seeing a parable of what civilization does to simplicity, but Arrabal is too fancy to leave it at that. Both characters go through series of impersonations, trumped-up crises, switches. At last the Emperor stands trial, not for imperial crimes but for ordinary bourgeois life, is guilty, sentenced, to death, and asks only that the Architect eat him after his death. Which is done. Then it ends with the mirror-image of the opening scene.

Of course one doesn't look for external consistencies in a work propelled by flights of fancy, but one does hope for some central vision, at least some compelling hunger for a vision. If a lot of intricate symbolic equipment is rolled out onto the runway, it had better take off. Not here. What is approximately central here is the stalest of disgusts; what is *really* central is the author's smugness, a conviction that the true test of your spirit will be your appreciation of his poetic play, that to ask any questions of its theme or its symbols is to betray your dullness. This is one of the con games of the avant-garde hack—not of the genuine avant-garde artist—and Arrabal lolls in the middle of it.

As if to certify his avant-garde status, he soars and he dares. His soaring consists of ecstatic passages (in this translation by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele Shank) that occasionally reach the Creative Writing 401 level of purpled rhapsody. His daring is even more puerile—small-boy bravery with a wooden sword and a paper cocked hat. Imagine a writer whose idea of iconoclasm is to write a parody of the *Dies Irae* that ends "Shit on God." (A line he has in fact used elsewhere.) Or whose

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. Admirable try with tough material for film. Anyway, we bring much of the excitement *with* us.

Face to Face. Liv Ullmann at her best, though not Ingmar Bergman at his, in this exploration of "normality."

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Specious mental-hospital allegory, but Jack Nicholson is immense.

A Piece of Pleasure. Mild treatment of male chauvinism by the masterly Claude Chabrol. Pleasantly unpleasant.

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idea of exposing our sexual inhibitions and dishonesty is to talk about a mother fellating her son. (On a level with the fellation of Jesus in his later play *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers.*)

Arrabal—he has only lately been using his first name, Fernando—is a Spaniard, born in 1932, who has been living in France since 1954, who wrote in French for many years, and has recently gone back to writing in Spanish. (*The Architect* was first produced in Paris in 1967 and was published here by Grove in 1969.) His themes have been political, clerical, and sexual, usually combined: he is against fascism, particularly Spanish; he is against churchly imposition; he is against puritanism. He seems to think that these stands in themselves make him extraordinarily adventurous. The work of his that I know shows him to be a baby Buñuel, a vapid Valle-Inclán. (His new film *Guernica*, based on an earlier play, is ludicrous: trite artiness; *El Topo* gone anti-fascist and much less visually ingenious.) One need only think of Genet—*The Maids* as against *The Architect*, *The Screens* as against *Guernica*—to see the difference between a genius of the Other Side and a frittering little symbolist-absurdist fop.

Two pairs of actors are alternating in performances of *The Architect*. I saw Lazaro Perez and, as the Emperor, Ronald Perlman. Perez is pallid. Perlman is the best reward of the evening. I had been seeing him for a couple of years with the CSC, a repertory company of unsteady ability in the Village, where he had been consistently vital and impressive. Last year Perlman played the leading role in the CSC production of Büchner's *Woyzeck* and was quietly gripping—oafish yet vulnerable. Here he absolutely fills the bill—a vaudeville as much as an acting bill, but he fills it. He is tall, solid, frizzy-headed, with rather coarse but strong features: he is funny, moving, dynamic, flexible. The show he puts on here further convinces me that he is an actor of fine potentialities.

Reed Whittemore on television

A Program For One-Minute Teachers

Early early in the morning on the tube we can learn about the English parliamentary system, or how to parse a square root. At least in many of our cities this sort of deviltry still goes on, but when the human mind becomes conscious, the teacher-types are now required to sign off—on the main channels. Of course *Sesame Street* and its brood have serious and good educational designs upon us, as do dozens of public-affairs shows and high-minded dramas, but their pedagogy is not the little-red-schoolhouse or Gothic-tower kind. Don't, the TV moguls say, ever let anybody look like a teacher on TV after 7 a.m.

And yet—surprise—the straightforward talking-head pedagogue behind a desk has staged a small comeback this year in honor of the Bicentennial, and perhaps a few small oaks may sprout from the acorns we now have. The acorns in question are the patriotic one-minute prestige commercials about our country's glorious past that are now being churned out by the advertisers, notably a series sponsored by a certain large oil company whose main office is, I believe, in Amsterdam. Such ventures are probably destined for the ashheap when the Bicentennial runs its course, since a large occasion like the Bicentennial is needed to justify nobility at the rate of 50 or 100 grand a minute; but if there *should* happen to be a spacious and foolhardy sponsor reading these words and wishing that someone would tell him what to do with his money next year, I beg him to read on. I want to propose that the advertisers in their noble educational moments nibble away at saving education itself.

I don't mean that the advertisers should simply take their ponderous, learned-looking actors with goatees, the ones who sell laxatives, and switch them over to saying learnedly, "Education is Good For You." One of the good features of the Shell spots is their specificity, and in specificity is the key to the tiny-oak future I am proposing.

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Education is going down the drain in so many places that a savior could begin almost anywhere, but since I am an English teacher let me suggest that we begin, comma by comma and noun by verb, at a chore that could occupy a good many minutes: the saving of our language and our verbal integrity.

For the benefit of the purists—and there are thousands of them sulking in tents all over the country—the series must be launched with predictable prescriptions, though of course the prescriptions cannot be called prescriptions (or rules) because the linguists and social scientists have prescribed that we not have prescriptions. The prescriptions must instead be called tips. Writing tips. "My friends," the goateed-one will cleverly say, "do you *really* know what an adverb is?" He will then tell us what an adverb is, and on his next show he will patiently distinguish between *its* and *it's*. Then, over a period of perhaps a week, he will run through *and, but, like* and *however*—their uses and misuses, and the punctuation they hanker for. And so on. It will be tremendous.

But after just enough of such tremendousness to persuade the purists that the series sponsors are on their side, the goateed-one will venture into more dangerous country. He will tell us to avoid a big word when a small word will do, and will utilize his minute discoursing about *utilize* and *use*. He will also tell us to avoid big words that we do not know the meanings of, and will brandish a dictionary in his right hand, and will discuss different kinds of words like *fuzz* and *officer*, and will even hint to us that the choosing of the right word is a great art. And finally, when he has run us deep into problems of accuracy, decorum and grace he will take off his goatee and talk turkey for *two* glorious concluding minutes.

Those minutes will be the climax. He will advise us, first, that despite all we have heard to the contrary we should not struggle heroically to *protect* our sources, but should struggle unheroically, painstakingly, boringly and honestly to *acknowledge* them, and, second, that we should not put loose paraphrases in direct quotes!

These last two minutes should be kept under wraps until program-time, since they will so infuriate the media community that they would otherwise be censored.

How many minutes for such a series? About 30, I'd say. So a couple of million dollars could be whiled away pleasantly, and if the results showed an increase in the sales of Shell Oil or Geritol, then the producers could go on to another series, say in History or Philosophy or some other one of the academic subjects that are now noisily being found inutilizable.

Education would not be saved thereby, but the absurdly quixotic air of the venture would be in its favor. It would cause comment. It would have the cartoonists drawing pictures of congressmen and journalists mucking around with quotation marks. It would call the public's *attention* to the death of the teaching of English (or History) (or Philosophy), and perhaps even cause slight ripples in legislatures. Won't somebody give it a whirl?

But if somebody should in fact ever be so impractical as to do so I would like to make one simple request of him, on bended knee. I would like to ask him to leave the preparing of the scripts of the programs to persons *in* English (or History) (or Philosophy). I make this request even though I know that these professionals have been doing a poor job of saving themselves, that they are ignorant of TV and its demands, that there are plenty of media people who could handle the series with more punch and profundity, and that Martin Agronsky has taken to calling his fellow-journalists on his weekly panel his colleagues. I make the request because the venture is a quixotic one anyway and should therefore, I think, defer to the teachers themselves, those sad personages who are now being phased out and displaced by the new learning, yet are still walking up and down the earth needing occasional encouragement.

Postscript. At a recent conference of journalists in Washington Eric Sevareid made a speech that was reprinted, in part, in *The Washington Star* and mentioned a certain "TV critic for that high-minded, liberal organ, *The New Republic*." He seemed to think that I was a rather representative high-minded liberal in wanting to impose a measure of federal control over TV programming, and he thought that was "illiberal" and "anti-democratic" of me. Well, I admire Mr. Sevareid but I must not allow him to make me both liberal and illiberal. I readily admit to my prescriptive tendencies (see the piece above, for example), and I admit that I would do all sorts of things to TV programming and TV advertising if I had my druthers; but I do not admit that these tendencies make me a representative liberal. No, most liberals seem to agree with Mr. Sevareid these days about the kinds of control I would exercise. I am therefore not a liberal but a dangerous radical.

I am democratic, though, and I hope he wasn't thinking of me in another part of his speech when he complained about liberal highbrows always asking for more highbrow programs on TV while being unwilling to look in the papers to find the programs already scheduled. I'm not the liberal he's talking about there either. I have disgustingly low tube tastes, as I have indicated in this column over and over again. I find Leonard Bernstein a pretentious conductor, for instance, and have even been known to watch, unsneakily, Lawrence Welk.

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Books Considered

Diplomacy for a Crowded World: An American Foreign Policy by George W. Ball

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $12.95)

George Ball's quest for office long ago ceased to be discreet, and this book is an extended visiting card offered to the Democratic presidential candidate. There is certainly nothing wrong in the pursuit of a high and honorable office by way of the printed word. But the *genre* does have its conventions: such works of self-promotion must be dignified, relentlessly judicious and suitably reserved. Above all, any trace of personal animosity should be excised, and the author must never be overly aggressive in the required critique of the previous Administration. And these are precisely the qualities—and the shortcomings—one would expect in a book written by a still ambitious former Under Secretary of State (1961-1966, under Rusk) and current Wall Street banker. Ball does give us the *de rigeur* survey of the international scene and review of major policy options, but the tone is entirely unexpected: the book is pervaded by strident and unbalanced criticisms of Kissinger's conduct in the White House and the State Department.

True, it is impossible to discuss American foreign policy since 1969 without discussing *in extenso* the words and deeds of our present Secretary of State. And this reviewer is at least as inclined as Ball to judge Kissinger's policies harshly. But Ball is not merely critical and not merely harsh. He is plainly a driven man, whose uncontrolled hostility in the end deprives him of his own dignity. This becomes plain by the 13th page of the book where Ball quotes yet again the much-quoted "cowboy" passage in the Oriana Fallaci interview. Ball is not content with mere quotation. He inserts the apprentice-scholar's "[sic]" in the regulation square brackets, ("Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan [sic] alone astride his horse. . .") and this leads us to Ball's comment:

> *. . . his* [i.e. *Kissinger's*] *caravan betrayed a conception of the Wild West of one who grew up in Bavaria rather than Oklahoma.*

One xenophobic jab is not enough. Ball continues:

> *Still, Signora Fallaci should have understood him. His vision of the equestrian cowboy leading the caravan (of camels?) . . . recalls the solecisms of the spaghetti Westerns filmed in Italy.*

Having delivered himself of two wholly unnecessary insults in one short paragraph, Ball deemed it meet to add a footnote:

> *It is possible that Kissinger was confused by pictures of caravans of dromedaries imported prior to the Civil War in an abortive attempt. . .*

And he continues.

I quote Ball's trivia for exactly the same reason that he quotes the Fallaci interview: trivia becomes significant when it is revealing of character, unguardedly exposed. Note the eager display of the flotsam of knowledge (they were dromedaries, not camels); note the package-tourist's sophistication of the "Signora." (Is Ball *au courant*? Perhaps Fallaci is still a *signorina*); note the attempts at recondite language, absurdly out of place ("equestrian cowboy"); but note above all Ball's misunderstanding of the context. Experienced travellers, trained diplomats and other multi-linguals will instantly recognize Kissinger's use of "caravan" as a case of instinctive pre-translation: to convey imagery precisely, a readily translatable word is substituted for one whose literal translation is apt to mislead. "Wagon-train" connotes railways and trains to an Italian speaker; the Italian for wagon-train is precisely *caravana*.

Only some powerful emotional impulse could have driven a man of Ball's stature into such a display of bad manners, and plain silliness. And the same powerful impulse distorts his judgment throughout the book, defeating his robust common sense whenever Kissinger's name arises in the discussion. His need to argue that Kissinger did *nothing* that was right, even if only through inertia or inadvertence, is plainly compulsive. Thus on page one of chapter one we read:

> *. . . the 1960s were an ice age, with nations frozen in fixed political attitudes. . . Quite coincidentally—for there was no causal connection—the ice began to melt just about the time the Nixon Administration came to power.*

This introduces us to a persistent theme: the development of American relations with the Soviet Union and China was no achievement but merely circumstance; moreover, the opportunities thus coincidentally presented were wasted. Mr. Ball is of course quite right insofar as the generic analysis goes, indeed it is a commonplace that by 1969 the Russians were ready for their détente, and the Chinese ready to play ping pong. But to deny *any* causal connection between the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy and the realization of these possibilities is to ignore the infinite attractions of immobilism for any Secretary of State, and most Presidents. It is particularly noteworthy that Ball should take this attitude when it is remembered that he served long and loyally under Dean Rusk, the great practitioner of immobilism and master-craftsman of bureaucratic inaction.

Distortion of emphasis is accompanied by distortion of analysis. For example, Ball argues persuasively and well that the Soviet Union has never in fact accepted the essential pre-condition of any genuine detente, that is the prior and genuine acceptance of the *legitimacy* of core Western interests, *e.g.* in the Middle East. Equally, Ball is persuasive in arguing that Soviet military power, even if disproportionate to the Soviet GNP, cannot fully compensate for the economic weakness of the Soviet Union (manifest in the very disproportion), in the final determination of Russian abilities to influence world events. And yet having made both points, he then goes on to argue that the fundamental flaw of Kissinger's policies in the Middle East is precisely the attempt to extrude the Soviet Union from the area. Ball is driven into a stance which no dispassionate analysis could have shaped: while Kissinger's policy in the Middle East may indeed be dangerous to our core values (and I mean *core* values, both moral and material—as opposed to the dubious benefits of the simulated goodwill of transitory régimes), his one solid achievement has been precisely to add momentum to the Russian retreat from the region. With the credibility of Soviet military power having been undermined by Israel's refusal to be intimidated by the kind of Russian threat that has intimidated so many others, with the Soviet political penetration of Arab societies having been extirpated by Sadat, Assad *et. al.*, the

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conditions had been created in which the Soviet retreat could be turned into a rout. And it was Kissinger who forcefully exploited these conditions, and with great skill. But Ball denies the skill and turns achievement into the supposed cause of inevitable failure: having argued that the Soviet Union would never in fact surrender the privilege of making trouble whenever and wherever direct deterrence does not operate, he then proceeds to argue—in blatant contradiction with himself—that the Soviet Union would cooperate in the UN Security Council to impose a settlement. This to terminate the very conflict which the Soviet Union has so energetically promoted for 20 years.

Kissinger for his part is at least not self-deceived. Had he believed in his own statements on the meaning of détente, he would never have done what he did: in the manner of a well-known boxer, first announcing that he would expell the Russians from the Arab-Israeli ring and then doing so. One does not kick around one's partners in the quest for "structures of peace," or at least not so blatantly. Had Kissinger believed in his own statements on the conversion of the Soviet régime to peaceful cooperation, he would not have proceeded on the firm assumption that the Russians would systematically undermine any attempt at peace-making unless totally excluded from the process. Ball will not even credit Kissinger with the suspect virtue of consciousness in US deceptions.

Ball believes that there is no Arab-Israeli problem in American foreign policy but only an Israeli problem. He repeats in the book what he has previously written: the right Secretary of State would simply publish a list of objectives (1967 lines, recognition etc.), and he would then impose them on the Israelis and the Arabs, with the cheerful cooperation of the Russians. No need of shuttle diplomacy and step-by-step agreements, no need of time-tables and confidence-building intervals. All can be achieved by simply breaking down domestic opposition (naturally assumed to be "ethnic-pure" Jewish, contrary to every poll), and making just one trip to New York where the Russians, Arabs and Israelis would be waiting to sign on the dotted line.

If Kissinger reads the book, he will no doubt be amused to be told that the monumental rocks he has been slowly pushing inch by inch, with all the force that America can bring to bear, with all the added strength of a manipulative personal diplomacy, and with all the threats and embargoes against Israel, were not rocks at all, but only theatrical props made of *papier-mâché*, props which Ball means to lift with one hand if he becomes Secretary of State.

One does not deplore the foolishness of fools at great length. Mr. Ball is no fool, and he is not incompetent. On the contrary. He has a lively intelligence, which makes him spot-on right on issues such as North-South relations, where he calls for forthright toughness allied to a decent generosity. He has valid experience as a senior diplomat, which enables him to explain among other things, just why the practice of summitry is invariably a source of passing camaraderie and enduring friction, and why an American Secretary of State should never allow himself to become a glorified delivery boy. Mr. Ball is also expert and persuasive in his detailed analysis of the chronic organizational problem in foreign policy. While perhaps too critical of the very useful Murphy-Abshire report, (separation of the White House advisory role from the office of Secretary; a much greater Treasury role in foreign policy, etc.) he is certainly authoritative on this subject. Again, Mr. Ball's talents are evident in his very useful discussion of the Intelligence problem, where he makes an irrefutable case for the continued use of political action with *all* due prudence, and advocates the transfer of all clandestine military activity to the uniformed services, and of course stresses the importance of Intelligence itself, including covert means of collection. Unlike many others, Ball does not confuse the clandestine (hidden but not disguised) with the covert (vice-versa), nor the production of timely information (Intelligence) with the use of covert or clandestine means to do things. (The assistance of Ray S. Cline, the country's leading expert on the subject, is duly acknowledged.)

But Ball is no mere technician, and with the noted exceptions he is also impressive in his discussion of a wide range of substantive issues, from the EEC to the demographic problem. Above all, Ball's priorities are consistent with the central concerns of Americans: he makes a devastating case against the very core of the post-1969 foreign policy, which has concentrated our attention on the Russians and a host of self-appointed Eastern potentates, and thereby made us lose sight of our most important diplomatic relationships with the Open Societies beyond our shores. Sadly diminished and crisis-ridden, the world of democratic industrial society still counts for infinitely more than the Soviet World or the Third World, the Fourth World, or the Fifth, all these worlds of repression, sterility, unproductive greed and empty bombast. He reminds us that our relationship with the broad and complex political communities of the industrialized democracies must be maintained by constant effort on a day-to-day basis and at many levels, and ought to receive the very first claim on the time and energy of the senior officials of State, the Secretary emphatically included. Here Ball is totally right and informative and one hopes that the lesson will sink in.

Ball hereby deposits his lengthy visiting card in the receiving tray of the American body politic. Had we not had the recent and very painful experience of other men who could not control their deeper emotional impulses, were he not so intellectually inconsistent we might, almost for the sake of his experience, be tempted to invite him to occupy the top floor of the State Department. As it is, Ball's book should be carefully read, but his offer should not be accepted.

Edward N. Luttwak

Edward N. Luttwak is associate director of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research at Johns Hopkins. His latest book, *The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire: from Augustus to Diocletian* will be published by the Johns Hopkins University Press in the fall.

The Secret Conversations of Henry Kissinger by Matti Golan

(Quandrangle/The New York Times; $8.95)

When Matti Golan first submitted his book to Israeli censorship last May, it was banned on security grounds. Prime Minister Rabin was reported to have said that if Golan's book was published, the embarrassing revelations would force Kissinger to resign. A few months later, Golan revised his book, paraphrased direct quotes, and got himself an

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American publisher after the new manuscript was approved by the censors.

Kissinger won't like this book; in a strange comment he said he would not read it, but from the excerpts he'd seen, it's "a collection of lies." Certainly, there is no reason for Kissinger to resign as the result of this book. It may sting him but hardly harpoons him. Like Moby Dick, Kissinger swims away again, having weathered yet another attack.

Golan, the diplomatic correspondent for *Ha'aretz*, a Tel Aviv daily, was the beneficiary of a massive leak of top secret material. He was given big snatches of stenographic transcripts from Kissinger's negotiations with Israeli leaders during the various diplomatic shuttles. Much of what he has published is useful, and fills in some details of the actual give-and-take of negotiations.

But on the whole, the book is disappointing and badly flawed. Instead of using the documents as a jumping-off point for a study of what the negotiations were all about, Golan has chosen to produce a narrowly-focused study that sets out to prove that virtually all the diplomatic players were maladroit; that Kissinger in particular was tricky, disingenuous, hot-tempered, and picked on Israelis to further American interests. This may warm the hearts of Kissinger-haters in Israel and this country, but it won't surprise anybody.

There are other villains: Simcha Dinitz, the Israeli ambassador here, is seen as duped by Kissinger; Rabin is bumbling and inconsistent; and Peres and Allon not much better.

But there are factual errors in Golan's book. These errors have badly hurt Golan's efforts to discredit Kissinger. For without sourcing, Golan must persuade the reader to accept his assertions as fact. He tries to give the impression of precision. But this reviewer, from his own knowledge, and from some checking, found mistakes that cumulatively detracted from the book's credibility as a whole. Some clearly are more important than others.

Much is made of the dispute over whether Kissinger, as he says, tried to get an airlift of arms going to Israel in the first week of the October 1973 war, or whether, in fact, he held up the airlift for diplomatic reasions. Golan comes down strong on the side of the latter version and denounces Dinitz for misinforming Israel of what was going on.

But Golan mars his own argument by introducing Abba Eban, the then foreign minister, as a kind of hero when in fact he had little to do. For instance, Golan makes a point of saying that Eban accompanied Dinitz to see Kissinger late in the evening of October 12 and that Eban made a big case for the airlift—suggesting he played a role in getting it going. But Eban was not with Dinitz that night and did not see Kissinger until the next day when the decision was already taken to start the airlift. It is well known Dinitz and Eban did not get on well, and one wonders whether Eban was a source for this version.

Kissinger flew to Moscow at 1 am on October 20 to negotiate a cease-fire, without telling any press, including those who had just been at dinner with him that night.

But Golan, who seems to believe the American press is more open to manipulation than is the case, writes that "the pool of reporters joining him on the trip were also briefed but not for publication." There was no pool on the trip and no briefing, on or off the record.

Golan also shared the view of Israeli journalists that the American reporters with Kissinger were always getting the inside story. The facts are that Kissinger, as the "senior official," generally gave an overview of the state of negotiations in his daily on-board briefings. But for details of the negotiations, American newsmen had to consult Israeli officials.

Golan writes that while Kissinger was touring Masada on the morning of the day the talks broke down in March 1975, the American newsmen were being briefed elsewhere by Kissinger aides who gave them an anti-Israel line. But we were all with Kissinger at Masada and there was no briefing until we were on our way home the next day. In fact, the only substansive briefing the night the talks collapsed was given by Dan Patir, the Israeli spokesman.

To show Kissinger's alleged contempt for Israeli sensibilities, Golan says that when Kissinger stopped off in Israel on January 20, 1974 after meeting that day in Damascus with Syrian leaders, Allon and Eban had to see him on his plane. Actually, they met in the airport building. It is a small point, but there is a difference between Kissinger sitting on his plane awaiting two high-ranking Israelis as if he was a kind of proconsul, and Kissinger getting out of the plane and going into the terminal as the Israelis' guest.

Little things irritate: Nixon shook

ADVICE AND DISSENT

Scientists in the Political Arena

Joel Primack and Frank von Hippel

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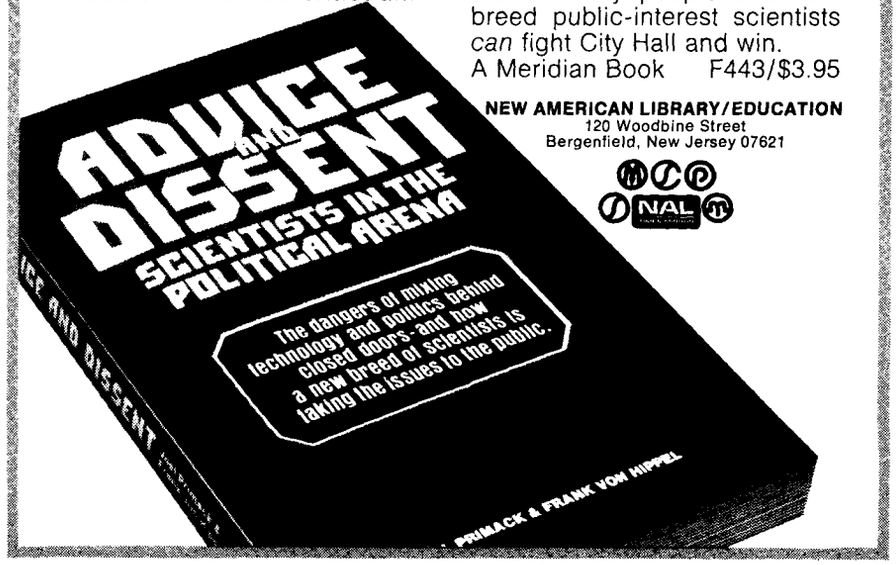
ADVICE AND DISSENT
SCIENTISTS IN THE POLITICAL ARENA
The dangers of mixing technology and politics behind closed doors-and how a new breed of scientists is taking the issues to the public.
PRIMACK & FRANK VON HIPPEL

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Fahmy's hand after meeting him in Washington on October 31, 1973, he did not "embrace" him on the White House lawn as Golan states; Robert McCloskey held a press conference to announce diplomatic relations with Egypt at night, not in the afternoon; Kissinger on December 17, 1973 didn't leave Israel for Washington but for Portugal and Spain on route to the Geneva conference; Kissinger did not plan on the Syrian shuttle lasting one week as Golan writes but at least two and probably three.

In a few places, Golan quotes Kissinger talking to some of his aides in a room where presumably there were no Israelis present. He is quoted as saying to two of his aides that the Israeli negotiators were "incapable of doing anything." The question arises, is this an imaginary conversation, or was Golan also given access to bugged conversations? Or was there also an Israeli present?

What is also troubling about the book is its unrelieved portrayal of Kissinger as a heavy-handed manic, always "screaming" at Israelis. Not enough attention is given to Kissinger's entire strategy; not enough questions are asked about the American-Israeli connection. There seems an implicit assumption that everything Kissinger did was wrong for Israel; that somehow if he were not around, things would be better. I am beginning to think, as the result of conversations with many Israelis, that a revisionism is setting in and that as it becomes evident that Kissinger won't be back next year, they will miss him. For whatever his sins, Kissinger at least was sensitive to Israel's problems.

One last anecdote underscores the credibility problem. In the book, Golan says that in one negotiation session, a security man came in with Kissinger's glasses, that Kissinger "froze him with a stare and asked if the young man didn't know there was a certain hierarchy" and that the glasses had to go first to Ambassador Keating, and then to Under Secretary Sisco. Golan says the Israelis were shocked by this.

This anecdote troubled me because it was so un-Kissinger. He might yell at a security man, but he would take the glasses from him. I asked three participants of the negotiations and their verson of the story is that Kissinger looked in his briefcase for his glasses and found, instead of reading glasses, his walking glasses. He told the security man to go get the other pair.

While waiting, he joked with the Israelis, and among other things said that when the glasses arrive, instead of being sent directly to him, "they'll probably send them through protocol channels—first to Keating and then to Sisco." Everyone laughed, and when the glasses did arrive, they did go right to Kissinger. But the main point is that this was a Kissinger joke, turned around in the book as a serious effort to show Mr. Kissinger acting with false pomposity.

Bernard Gwertzman

Bernard Gwertzman is a diplomatic correspondent for *The New York Times* Washington bureau. He has covered all of Henry Kissinger's Middle East trips.

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A Seventh Man: Migrant Workers In Europe by John Berger

(Richard Seaver Book, Viking; $8.95)

In *A Seventh Man* John Berger voices the silence of the 11 million migrant workers who now make up one-seventh of the industrial workers in northwestern Europe. The migrants take the most menial, fatiguing, dangerous and worst paid industrial jobs; they dig Europe's sewers and mines, man its production lines, sweep its streets and construct its highways. Since they do not understand the language of the host country and have little knowledge of machinery, since they change jobs frequently and often work long hours, the migrants are more likely to be injured or maimed than other workers; they are always the first to be fired. In France, Germany and Switzerland these men (2 million migrants are women, but Berger does not describe their situation in this book) live in a state of "unfreedom," clinging to an expendable present for the sake of what they hope will be a transformed future, a future that is always receding. "[The migrant] has the impression that his own image and those of his previous life are hurtling through space, like stars travelling in different directions, so that the distance between them is always . . . becoming greater." *A Seventh Man* presents a picture of this unfreedom; it dramatizes while it explicates the matrix of reasons which lure the rural Greek, Turk, Yugoslav, Spaniard and Italian out of their villages and into the industrial world, where they are conscripted into a growing army of the displaced. The book is an argument with two voices—the migrant who cannot comprehend what is happening to him, and the observer who can.

Of all socialist artists, Berger is the most powerfully engaging. He recognizes, as few others have, how generative and dramatic dialectic can be. The pages of his book are dialectical arguments: written text is attended by the stark, specific eloquence of Jean Mohr's photographs; a single page will contain a paragraph of Berger's meticulously argued Marxist theory, a Greek migrant reminiscing about his home, and a photograph of migrants' quarters in Geneva. *A Seventh Man* is a collage, a total environment, which mixes theory, praxis and the inescapable documentation of the photograph. Berger is the best of believers: his commitment to Marxism admits a minimum of dogma. He is too intent on his purposes to argue poorly. His untiring willingness to articulate helps dispel many of those old fogs which blur our perceptions of the nature of political arrangements. In *A Seventh Man* we begin to understand the power of the myth of the city to the immigrant—the ways in which the city promises openness and change, escape, "an opportunity to earn enough money to act." Remote villages are enveloped in this legend, for it is borne by radio, by planes overhead, by ready-made clothes, by machinery, cars, highways, by those migrants who return to the villages with presents and money, perhaps even cars, and with boasts about their success and intimations of the secrets of those foreign worlds. Their boasts and the visible signs of success call away more enterprising men, and the village sinks further into poverty and despair. But the villagers' dreamed hope for rebirth in the western industrial cities is contrasted to the nightmare closure of the migrants' lives abroad.

The world to which they return is more, not less, closed. Cultivation continues to deteriorate, agriculture and industry do not develop, factories are never built. The future they plan to

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enter as farmers, machinists or small businessmen never materializes. So the returned migrant buys a scale and stands all day in the market place, trying to get tourists to weigh themselves, or he shines shoes or, most likely, he goes back to northwestern Europe. The dream-nightmare cycle remains unbroken and seemingly unbreakable.

Berger's reach is global here. He describes the interrelation between the poverty to which the migrants are condemned and the need in the industrial countries for unorganized, undemanding labor which can be imported for a set term yet terminated conveniently in a recession. "Modern rural poverty is social," Berger insists. "An economy is under-developed because of what is being done around it, within it, or to it." The Cubans have a verb for this: "to underdevelop."

"All photographs are a form of transportation and an expression of absence." We are transported to the static barren villages on the southern and eastern rim of Europe, the homes which these men must abandon; the recruiting centers in the large cities of the underdeveloped nations, where masses of men with dark startled eyes are herded together and get numbers scrawled on their chests; the foreign metropolis where the migrant lives and works in a present denied for the sake of an ever receding future.

In giving the reader as much as he does, Berger demands a great deal—he asks for a clearheaded assessment of the circumstances which create the plight of these 11 million men. (The United Nations estimates that by 1980 there will be 17 million migrants in Europe.) As Berger says, "To try to understand the experience of another it is necessary to dismantle the world as seen from one's own place within it, and to reassemble it as seen from his . . . to understand a given choice another makes, one must face in imagination the lack of choices which may confront and deny him." *A Seventh Man*, indeed all of Berger's work, attempts to create this imaginative empathy, to construct the delicate filigree which bridges subjectivities. The demands are political here, but demanded not only for the sake of politics, not only on behalf of the unloved and the dispossessed.

Robert Seidman

Robert Seidman is co-author of *Notes for Joyce: An Annotation of James Joyce's Ulysses* (Dutton).

Kontinent
ed. by Vladimir Maximov

(Doubleday; $3.95)

Dusya, a young factory worker, has just received a parcel of eggs from her mother in the country. If she can buy some tinned pork from the black marketeer on the corner, she will make it to payday. A friend lends her five rubles, but Dusya has been swindled. The cans are filled with peas, not meat.

Now in debt and hungry, there's nothing for Dusya but to sell herself on the street. Ivan Petrovich, the economist who picks her up, has been searching for a woman with whom he can have an honest, unconventional relationship.

At first, as a proper Soviet citizen, he is taken aback by Dusya's demand for cash. Then he agrees to the deal, which is consummated amid the badinage of three roommates. In a final twist, the odd encounter turns into a tale of true love. Ivan and Dusya create a private world to shelter them from public deceit and brutality.

This story by Vladimir Maramzin, a Leningrad engineer recently exiled to Paris, appears in an English-language edition of *Kontinent*, a quarterly published by Ullstein Verlag in Berlin. As the title suggests, the journal is trying to open a window on the East European experience to westerners, in the conviction that "we must hear and understand each other before it is too late."

One can applaud the editors' hopes for such dialog yet share Alexander Solzhenitsyn's prefatory caution, "Wishes often exceed what later actually happens." In this case, handicaps restrict both parties—Eastern intellectuals, who find themselves gagged or banished by the thought police, and their western counterparts whose attention is diverted from an ethic of liberation by domestic questions of distributive justice.

That native dissidents have become virtually an extinct species is illustrated by the fact that, among *Kontinent*'s contributors, all but the redoubtable Andrei Sakharov in Moscow and Milovan Djilas in Belgrade are émigrés. Equally remarkable is the diversity of voices within that compass, even though it challenges the journal's faith in "the unification and collaboration of all antitotalitarian forces in Eastern Europe."

At the most obvious polarity, we see Sakharov debating Solzhenitsyn on a diagnosis of and cure for the ills of Soviet society. The pragmatic Sakharov plumps for institutional reforms at home, abetted by ideas, technology and moral support from the West. Solzhenitsyn, in his pose of Old Testament prophet, announces the doom of any system founded on a diabolic ideology that for Sakharov is merely a "convenient façade" for a power hungry régime.

While the editors make clear their sympathies lie with Solzhenitsyn's fundamentalist credo, Western readers may be more attuned to Sakharov's critique of its "nationalist and isolationist tendencies." Unfortunately, the third corner of this debate, involving such spokesmen for democratic socialism as Roy Medvedev, is blocked out, perhaps by the journal's adherence to "absolute religious idealism, that is, with a given dominant Christian tendency."

Only in Ludek Pachman's post mortem of the "Prague Spring" is there any evidence that, were the screws loosened in Eastern Europe, proletarians and intelligentsia would rally to the human side of Marxism rather than to Solzhenitsyn's religious revival or Sakharov's enlightened technocracy. Though they lost their gamble in 1968, the Czech idealists have not knuckled under. "Scientists, writers, journalists prefer to make do as unskilled laborers, night watchman, window cleaners, coffin bearers, to live on the outer fringes of society, while clinging to their unshakable convictions."

The frame of the debate is stretched even further when Maramzin's whimsical story and Joseph Brodsky's lyrics are seen as reflecting a recoil from politics. Andrei Sinyavsky's essay, a brilliant glimpse into "The Literary Process in Russia," goes so far as to argue the paradox that the underground artists have "fallen in love with their own unfreedom," inspired by "the most vital and most dangerous" subjects.

For some intellectuals, the pull between private longings and public pressures may produce a split personality. Thus, Alexander Piatigorsky, surveying the offbeat philosophical scene in Moscow, recalls a teacher of dialectical materialism who moonlights at a friend's *dacha* for a seminar on metaphysics. The art critic Igor Golomshtok adds incisive comments on the painters who have been winning their latest rounds against Soviet bulldozers.

What Western critics wrote off as old fashioned in their work were the traditional forms filled with novel

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content. Hence the "avant garde" of the East is not in revolt against an "Establishment" but dedicated to the retrieval of past cultural values. The best of them, like Pachman's Czechs, maintain artistic freedom while working as "laborers, hospital orderlies, night watchmen."

Westerners will not have an easy time jettisoning their stereotypes to engage in the dialog offered by *Kontinent*. If this first sampler is any indication, it will be worth their effort to learn from their Eastern colleagues the various strategies for survival with self respect. Not the least of them is to pierce the deadly uniformity of official lies with the living variety of artistic truth.

Harvey Fireside

Harvey Fireside is professor of politics at Ithaca College.

A Time of Soldiers by Andrew Jolly

(E.P. Dutton & Co.; $8.95)

Jack Lear, patriarch of the line of three American soldiers with whom this novel deals, has written a book called *War and Faith*, saying "war is an act of belief on the part of a people in their conception of human life." War and faith, too, are the subjects of this fine, bleak, troubling novel—faith more than war.

In fact, despite its title, *A Time of Soldiers* is not a war novel at all. Only two military engagements occur in its 300-odd pages, and the reader learns about both second-hand. Nor, though it makes liberal use of American and Mexican history, is it a novel about history; nor is it, as many readers may expect, a book about Army life and military manners.

What Andrew Jolly has written is a religious and philosophical novel—a story about men who search for pure ideals and absolute values, and about the human devastation which inevitably follows that search.

Nantucket-born Jack Lear, son of an English minister, comes west seeking a faith to which he can give his life. He finds it in the sonorous abstractions on which this country professes to be based: "The Idea that this nation represents is the noblest conceived by man," he tells his friend Graf, who narrates much of the book. "I have faith in that." He settles down to defend his country and its ideals as a cavalry officer on the US-Mexican border near El Paso. But when he becomes involved in the struggle to convert the US Army from horse-and-saber tactics into a modern mechanized force, Jack Lear's faith is shattered. The emerging American way of war, he finds, embodies "no faith at all, only a clutch of pure and mindless techniques . . . his beloved country was not a noble Idea but a savage giant of a child, Browning's Caliban randomly smashing crabs on Setebos."

Jack Lear turns his back on faith and country and goes off into the desert to train a group of Catholic guerrillas who are planning to invade Mexico in a belated recurrence of the Cristero revolts of the 1920s. And when, in a kind of Southwestern version of the Bay of Pigs, the United States withdraws its covert sponsorship of the group and disperses it by force of arms, Lear chooses to stand with his unkindly allies and die at the hands of his own army.

After his death, his son Ben takes up the quest for the meaning of American life. He, too, is a part-time writer, and he sets out his own version of the family obsession: "An American does not think of his country as fatherland, or motherland, or homeland: he thinks of it as a lover thinks of his beloved, and he is as certain of betrayal."

Ben flies a bomber in the war against Hitler, then returns to find the betrayal he expects and helps create. Neither country nor wife can live up to the inhuman, virginal ideal he has created for them. His unbending absolutism drives his wife Katherine away from him, and, in a horrifyingly powerful passage, he surprises her in bed with a young Mexican and kills them both, feeling "no hatred for either of them, and neither pity nor love," but only "the absolute certitude of right." Then he shakes off the dust of his faithless native land, and like a military Flying Dutchman, spends the rest of his life searching vainly for one just war, one pure and noble cause he can believe in once again.

Ben's son Doniphan, least realized of the three Lears, is at first possessed by the passion of his forebears: "a love of country which transcended mere patriotism and national boundaries." As a young man, he climbs into the mountains near El Paso and rapturously makes love to the mountains, to the country itself, thrusting against the rock while holding in his mind not "the image of a naked woman but that of the rock itself that he moved tenderly against, of the desert below, and of the endless reaches of the night."

But Doniphan goes to Vietnam as a helicopter gunship driver, and comes home a crippled hero, to discover that neither he nor his country believe in the sacrifice he has made, that all the ideals are dead. As the book ends, he finds that the tortured quest of his father and grandfather has ended in him, not in liberation but in barren entropy: "he would be spared the passion of his fathers, the anguish of loving."

Jolly tells the story of these generations with understated compassion and a deep feeling for his setting—the border country of the Southwest, where two countries, cultures, languages and histories come together. He has a fine feel for language, and his dialogue has none of the self-consciously "colorful" quality which often mars regionally-based fiction. In prose style and narrative technique, Jolly has taken much from Faulkner—always a risky manuever, but one which here, on balance, succeeds.

But in the end, it is not the style, but Jolly's passionate involvement with the people and the setting he has created which, despite a few flaws (an occasional misstep in narrative pacing, a slight tendency to tell us more than we need to know, a sometimes dogged use of literary allusion), makes this a good and powerful book, one which deserves a wide readership.

At the bleak ending of *A Time of Soldiers*, everything is dead: faith, ideals, the land and nation which spawned them—even, says the book's epigraph from Federico Garcia Lorca, the sea itself, the sources of life. What comfort Jolly leaves us is cold indeed. We in this country are all, in some measure, Jack and Ben Lear, the half-mad gringos described by Octavio Paz, wandering in an "abstract world of machines, fellow citizens, and moral precepts." If there is hope, it may lie in the words of Father Paloma, the pleasure-loving Spanish priest whose Falstaffian worldliness provides an ironic counterpoint to the monastic singlemindedness of the Lears: "All that we shall ever know of order and meaning is that we live and nurture life in others, that we grow food and eat it, that we beget children, and that we die."

Garrett Epps

Garrett Epps is a free lance writer living in Richmond, Virginia.

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Robin Winks on Mysteries

The Blue Hammer by Ross Macdonald (Alfred A. Knopf; $7.95)
Ash by David Walker (Houghton Mifflin; $8.95)
The Pious Agent by John Braine (Athenaeum; $7.95)
High Stakes by Dick Francis (Harper & Row; $7.95)
So Long as You Both Shall Live by Ed McBain (Random House; $6.95)
Agent in Place by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)
Snake, by James McClure, (Harper & Row; $7.95)

Writers of mystery, spy and thriller fiction face special constraints. First, there are those forced upon them by the very nature of the genre. The author must plant clues, and the old hand is usually getting good at spotting them. The simple physical fact that one must resolve all mysteries within the specific confines of the pages held in the reader's hand gives away quite a bit about pace, and placement of those clues and opportunities for final twists. If the really significant fact appears on page 102, and the book is 270 pages long, one already knows something about how it may unfold. This isn't the case with quite a bit of modern writing, which may come to no resolution at all, so that relative distance from the end may mean nothing. Then, too, there is the fact that most successful writers stick to a formula, and once one knows a writer's formula, keeping pace with the writer is no more difficult than for the psychiatrist upon the 50th meeting with a patient.

The second set of constraints arises from society's attitudes toward mystery fiction. It isn't "serious literature" after all, and everyone knows that Edmund Wilson didn't care who killed Roger Ackroyd. One defense against this patronizing judgment on the mystery story is to talk about the number of "serious" writers who have tried their hand at such fiction. Another defense is to change the definitions of the field, so that Shakespeare can play on it with Lady Macbeth, and Borges can send Lönnrot, from "Death and the Compass," in to pinch-hit. Or one can remind reluctant readers that Ross Macdonald is now reviewed on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review*.

Now I read perhaps a hundred mystery, crime and spy novels a year. Fifty or more of these get left behind in airplanes and trains, perhaps 10 more are passed on to a daughter who likes what Anthony Boucher called "idiot heroines," and another 40 go onto my shelves. Obviously these proportions reflect a rather unselective eye, and perhaps grade inflation has crept onto the shelves at least as much as onto

transcripts these days. Still, the last weeks have brought a few books worth talking about, for one reason or another.

Ross Macdonald's latest, *The Blue Hammer*, is a textbook example of those constraints mentioned above. It's a good read, to my taste quite a bit better than *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Underground Man*, its two immediate predecessors. The turn of phrase, the wary view, the sense of Santa Barbara (here non-disguised as Santa Teresa) are as acute as ever. The story line—about Lew Archer's attempts to recover a missing painting, perhaps the work of a celebrated artist who disappeared a quarter century ago—is clean, if complex, and there is no cheating on the reader.

All the constraints are there too. One sees the clues laid down, subtly enough if this is one's first Macdonald, but once one is familiar with his plot lines, rather obvious, too—the relationships, the dates, the ages all falling into place. By that 102nd page it is clear enough what is happening and the pleasure thereafter is merely in seeing it all turn out as one expected. This means disappointment too, of course, but what is an author to do once the formula (a taint of bastardy, a hint of incest, the past catching up with the present, the third cousin twice removed of the bastard son-in-law of the second sister rising from the grave he never occupied) is both successful and complex enough to keep the reader on the edge of puzzlement? There is no growth here, as a writer, but then there is no hint of decay either, and so we all should probably be satisfied.

If some writers, like Ross Macdonald, have made it across the line into serious fiction, with series reviews, doctoral dissertations, and able offspring (Robert B. Parker, out of Chandler's *Little Sister* via the mid-passage Lew Archer), there are those who began as serious writers and have crawled, crab-like, onto the sandy wastes of the thriller. Why they do it isn't entirely clear, although perhaps this is where the money is: a series figure, the odd movie, a television series "as based upon", the annual "Christie for Christmas." Recently three writers who first attracted attention for serious social commentary have moved into the world of the thriller. These are Richard Lewellyn, of *How Green was My Valley*; David Walker, of *Geordie*; and John Braine, of *Room at the Top*. The last two have just published new books.

The lesson here appears to be that writing thriller fiction isn't easy after all. Walker was a good Canadian regional writer, and his Maritime Provinces were always convincing. Ever since *Winter of Madness* and *Cab-Intersec*, Walker has been writing like a parody of Ian Fleming crossed with Eric Ambler, and the latest, *Ash*, is a parody of himself. Almost literally so, in that Nigel Ash, "a traveler alone," a man who is driven "to defy the conventions and laws of society" (to be fair, these oldies but goodies are part of

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the dust jacket copy, and Walker may never have been given a chance to veto them), is writing a novel about a man who, having killed, is pursued through the Scottish Highlands, precisely the subject of Walker's own first novel, *The Storm and the Silence*. Now Ash is also pursued, in New Brunswick. If all of this also sounds like a pastiche from John Buchan, Walker leaves no doubt, for crucial action takes place at Huntingtower. The problem is, the book is crowded with conversation, and Buchan's perception that fear arises best from an empty and silent landscape seems to be lacking.

John Braine's *The Pious Agent* may be parody too. It's entertaining enough to read, but it's also a distinctively bad book. Xavier Flynn is the super-cool agent who says acts of contrition after fornication and whose Catholicism helps shape his sense of what is right for him to do as an agent. He is doing battle against a revolutionary group in England, FIST, while increasingly aware that all is not right within his own Company, which is concerned with showing extreme prejudice toward Russian agents. Flynn is clearly emotionally immature, and Braine may feel that he is saying something about all CIA-style organizations, but largely he is proving that one can imitate the style of Len Deighton and still not get it right. The theological overtones (there are agents called The Deliverer and The Chairman) are rather obvious, as is the writing ("Later, later," says Mr. Death, to a naked 18-year-old blonde who beckons to him, for he has work to do). There is a stunning moment on page 212 that is nicely tricky, and if one didn't have the artifact, this book, in one's hand and thus know that a ribbon has to be tied on it by page 252, it would work pretty well.

Still, formula fiction *can* work and remain fresh. Dick Francis, in *High Stakes*, continues to open fascinating windows onto the world of horse racing, this time creating two attractive characters, an English toy inventor and an American lady of realistic charm, and setting them up against an unusually simple and simply unusual form of betting fraud. Or Ed McBain, who in *So Long as You Both Shall Live*, gives us another 87th Precinct mystery, this time turning upon Bert Kling's marriage to Augusta Blair (remember them, aficionados?), and the new Mrs. Kling's kidnapping from her honeymoon suite. The ending is unconvincing but the ear for language is as good as ever. Helen MacInnes is as prolix as ever in *Agent in Place*, but my daughter thought it just great. And James McClure, whose Bantu detective, Mickey Zondi, and Afrikaans boss, Lieutenant Tromp Kramer, have solved three previous cases in South Africa, triumphs again in *Snake*. All of McClure's books are realistically unpleasant, elliptical, and pleasingly complex, but they add something the others do not: plot turns upon place with great cleverness, the attitudes and emotional needs of a society based on apartheid accounting for the nature of the crimes. I don't suggest that McClure be read in place of Gwendolyn Carter, Leo Kuper, or Leonard Thompson, those scholars of the South African dilemma, but one could do worse than turn an icicle eye upon the racism of southern Africa by looking to McClure's sordid images.

This is the first of Robin Winks' quarterly columns on mystery fiction and thrillers. When Mr. Winks is not terrifying himself as a student of this literature, he is professor of history at Yale.

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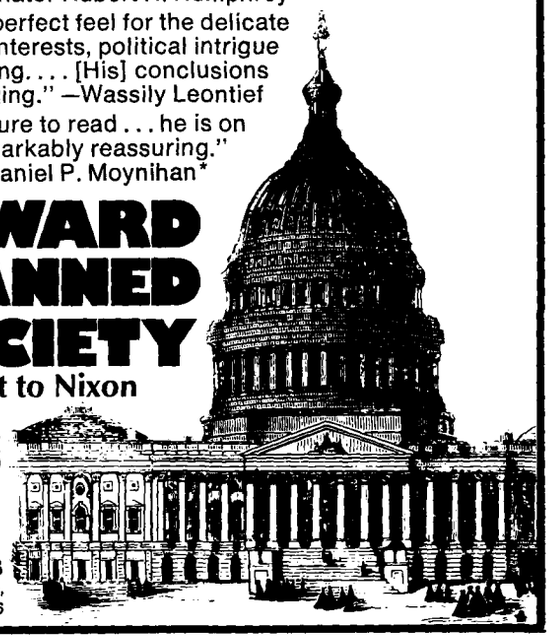

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Correspondence

The Warnke File

To the editors:

Continuation of the dialogue regarding Paul Warnke's position on Vietnam is important, not only in fairness to the man but because the issue was raised in connection with his qualifications as a possible Secretary of State or Defense. I agree with your assertion that it is important for people to know what positions senior members of the Johnson Administration were taking during those years of national agony, particularly if they now are being mentioned as possible candidates for high positions, and I know that a full exposure of Paul Warnke's record demonstrates his consistent, vocal and activist opposition to President Johnson's war policy.

Each of the authors—Kalb/Abel, Brandon, Halberstam, Hoopes—who has researched and written about the 1966-1969 period of the Vietnam War has concluded that Paul Warnke was, during his tenure from mid-1967 until

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early-1969, the senior official most consistently outspoken against American policy in Vietnam. It was no accident that during this period and subsequently he was a prime target for politicians, bureaucrats and journalists of the right; nor that Lyndon Johnson in reminiscing with Doris Kearns (as reported in her book, *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream*) blamed Paul Warnke for being one of those responsible for Robert McNamara's faltering support of the war policy in late-1967.

You excerpt from a memorandum partially authored by Paul Warnke as documentary support for "raising 'serious questions' about his reputation as a dove." Warnke's authorship was in his capacity as a staff officer to the Secretary of Defense. This memorandum was forwarded to the President under the signature of the Secretary of Defense. It represented the consensus recommendations of a task force (of which Warnke was not a formal member) headed by three Cabinet officers and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Your labeling these recommendations as Warnke's own is inaccurate and unfair.

I endorse your encouragement to readers to review the actual source documents. I have only the Government Printing Office version and in this the post-Tet decisions are covered in Pages 1-99, Volume III, Book 5. These documents make clear that Warnke's assessment of the situation and outlook in Vietnam differed dramatically from those of Westmoreland and the White House and that, within the limits of the instructions given him by the Secretary of Defense, Warnke put forward a program for sharply curtailing US military activity in Vietnam to reduce both GVN civilian casualties and those of US forces and for shifting to South Vietnam forces the burden for the continuation of the war, thus setting the stage for US withdrawal. While Warnke's recommendations were not incorporated for the most part in Secretary Clifford's complete memorandum and attachments to the President his assessment of the situation and outlook in Vietnam was an important ingredient in limiting additional US deployments there.

Leave it to history to judge the relative importance of Paul Warnke's role in the evolution of American policy toward Vietnam. What is clear now is that both the documentary and the investigative records of the period demonstrate that in his time in office and thereafter Paul Warnke actively opposed the continuation of America's war policy in Vietnam and that he was prepared to assert and defend his views throughout the bureaucracy from the President down. This, I think, is important in judging the qualities of intellectual and moral leadership he would bring to the job of Secretary of State or Defense.

Richard C. Steadman
New York, New York

Morton H. Halperin
Washington, DC

Mr. Halperin was, along with Mr. Steadman, a deputy to Paul Warnke in the Pentagon during 1968.

The editors reply:

Mr. Steadman's second letter in this discussion illustrates still more vividly the problems of people and foreign policy addressed in our May 8 editorial and in a subsequent exchange May 29. In a sense, his arguments provide a brief primer in some of the habits of thought among former and would-be officials we find so troubling.

We are asked to accept that Mr. Warnke was not responsible for a damning memo he helped to write after Tet because the Secretary of Defense signed it. Warnke was after all only a "staff officer," and the memo represented the views of more senior officials. By this definition of official accountability, of course, outrage and stupidity and moral abdication rest solely and neatly with that tiny handful of men at the top; the rest are only "staff." It is the way so much of the war worked, people lending their energy, talent and silence to the whole mad process, and telling themselves it was someone else's responsibility. But as Mr. Steadman knows, having written in the Pentagon pecking order his own memos for Mr. Warnke's signature, the pretense rarely fits reality. Anonymous, unaccountable staff officers shape and shade much of American foreign policy. But whatever Mr. Warnke believed privately in March 1968, he joined in a critical Pentagon push to keep the war going. He did not refuse to co-author such a recommendation. Some former officials who went public against the war tell us they counted Warnke as an ally. But so far as the documents show, he did not fight to register a formal dissent or an alternative memo to the President. He did not resign.

Readers will search in vain for any edition of the Pentagon Papers for plain, direct evidence that Mr. Warnke "actively opposed" or was "constantly outspoken against" the Vietnam war in the sense anyone who marched, lobbied, spoke up, or threw a medal over the Capitol fence would understand those words. The available documents do recount his sensible disagreements with the military on intelligence estimates, and on the relative efficacy of more bombing. (Or did those questions, like the post-Tet memo, come from someone else, for whom Warnke was merely a staff conduit?) There the visible "opposition" ends. But then Mr. Steadman tells us Warnke's dissent is so hard to see because he put it forward "within the limits of the instructions given him by the Secretary of Defense." His dissenting views did not make the vital Clifford memo to the President, though he was "prepared" to "assert and defend" them from the top down. So he is responsible neither for his staff participation in advocacy of the war, nor for the small confines of his dissent. That may be a comforting explanation of Vietnam for those involved in the policy. It is scarcely a standard we would set for future high officials.

It is true that several accounts of the late war policy implicitly or explicitly praise Warnke and his Pentagon aides for their comparatively enlightened views on Vietnam. And as we have indicated, the documentary record supports that judgment far less than ex post facto rationalizations and interpretations like Mr. Steadman's. The problem of working from selective leaks and leakers, as each of the authors mentioned had to, is that one can never be quite sure who is using whom. Perhaps the writers will some day be proven correct in assuming Warnke's vigorous opposition to the war. But there has also been the Washington phenomenon that as the collapse of the war policy became obvious, many officials, rushing to position themselves clear of the wreckage, tended to portray their own role with all the benefits of hindsight. In the ensuing books and the establishment cannibalism of senior men by anonymous sources, it became suddenly visible that several acquiescent hawks had been secret doves all along.

In fairness, of course, we would prefer the historical record to either hindsight or journalistic intuition. Perhaps Messrs. Steadman, Halperin and Warnke and other former officials

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would join *The New Republic* in a freedom of information suit to obtain the full documentary account of the last years of the Johnson policy in Vietnam, a record that in no way imperils our present national security and yet bears significantly on public understanding of foreign policy and on the selection of people who may hold office in a new Democratic administration. In the meantime, Mr. Warnke himself can be offered space in this magazine to reveal some of that record from his own memory or personal files. Our only editorial condition would be that he give us not a recitation of the material already available in the *Pentagon Papers* or other published sources, but that he draw instead from the large untold story of his bureaucratic battles and courage Mr. Steadman has assured us exists.

Paul Warnke may indeed turn out to be the best among the many establishment candidates for a Democratic secretary of state. Even the most timid questioning of the war policy would elevate him above most of his peers, who alternately stood by in silence or cheered the folly. But can we really afford a foreign policy leadership that is relatively courageous or relatively independent or imprisoned "within the limits of their instructions" on vital issues of war and peace? We believe the next secretary of state or defense should be a man or woman who at last breaks out of the game of bureaucratic deceit and self-protection and stands openly for what they believe, unafraid to tell the public the truth or to lose their jobs in the process.

Until we know much more than Mr. Steadman's rhetorical defense has given us, there remain those same serious questions whether Mr. Warnke or any of the other candidates we listed could be that person.

The editors

Legal Legacy

To the editors:

I have read with great interest Nathan Lewin's two perceptive articles concerning the circumscription of our Constitutional right to privacy (*TNR*, May 15 & 29). Reading each of the Supreme Court's decisions individually is at best sobering; cogent analysis of the recent decisions as reflective of the current direction of the Court is distressing to all who value individual freedoms.

Still, important questions persist in the midst of this Presidential election year. I have not yet heard one candidate asked what type of person he feels is most qualified to serve on the Court. Which justices, past or present, reflect the attitudes or positions of our next President? Which candidates are satisfied with the present Court majority?

Simply, a Supreme Court Justice serves the Court and the Country well beyond the term of the appointing President. In the areas of privacy, criminal justice, and civil and individual rights, we now suffer Richard Nixon's legacy. What will be the legal legacy of our next President?

Brian P. Lutch
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Jimmy's OK (II)

To the editors:

Please accept my deep appreciation for the three articles about Democratic front runner, Jimmy Carter, which appeared in the June 9, 1976 issue of *TNR*. I have previously felt that your editors, like so many others, were content to take pot-shots at the front runner, just because he is such.

The three June 9th articles by Ken Bode, Lazarus and Huge and E. Brooks Holifield are both penetrating and fair. Anyone interested in taking a good look at Carter from his philosophical, political and even religious points of view, can readily do so.

I have been convinced since my own experience as a GI in segregated Army training camps during World War II, that racial understanding is the most fundamental issue facing America. Since the liberation of numerous former colonies in Africa and elsewhere during the past dozen years, it is equally clear that the same problem of racial reconciliation is the most important problem facing the world as a whole.

I became convinced that Carter was indeed outside the "Southern" tradition, and was in fact in the tradition of Hugo Black, during an early appearance on national TV when he asserted the statement quoted by Lazarus and Huge, "I have always believed that the best thing to happen to the South in my lifetime was the passage of the Civil Rights Acts."

As indicated, my view of the world is that race relations are the key to future peace in the world and the Civil Rights Act did place America squarely on the side of racial peace.

Justin C. Stewart
Salt Lake City, Utah

To the editors:

Bravo and ditto to Simon Lazarus and Harry Huge for their June 5th article "Looking Forward to President Carter."

I will match my liberal credentials with anyone on your staff. Yet I have been confused and distressed over your persistent and seemingly prejudiced negativism towards Governor Carter's candidacy. I'm beginning to believe the stories about the provincial Eastern press and media.

James A. Murphy
Grand Prairie, Texas

To the editors:

Ken Bode's cautious analysis of Jerry Brown's candidacy (*TNR*, May 15) contrasts strongly with the furious name-calling which has greeted Jimmy Carter in the Eastern press. Carter defeated George Wallace in the South with proposals for federal registration of handguns and an insistence that welfare mothers deserve compassion, not contempt. He proposes compulsory national health insurance, direct action to reduce unemployment, welfare reforms which will certainly benefit the large Eastern cities, tax reform to eliminate loopholes for the wealthy—yet remains tagged with the label conservative. Jerry Brown, on the other hand, seems to have stumbled into the wrong political party, for his domestic utterances combine the worst of late '60s undergraduate jargon with a Reagan-like devotion to allowing the poor to suffer rather than increase the size of the federal government. Yet Eastern Democrats, McGovernites, even supporters of Fred Harris jump on his bandwagon.

Could it be that American Liberals do not really care about the issues? Could their hatred of the South be stronger than their devotion to the working people of America?

Jeffrey Cox
Medford, Massachusetts

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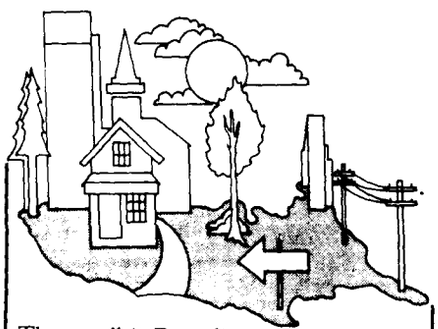

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Me & Ralph: Is Nader Unsafe for America? by David Sanford

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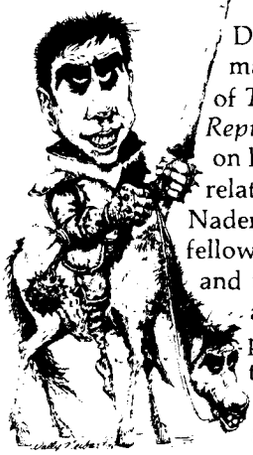

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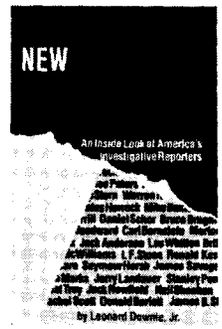

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